

BABYLAND

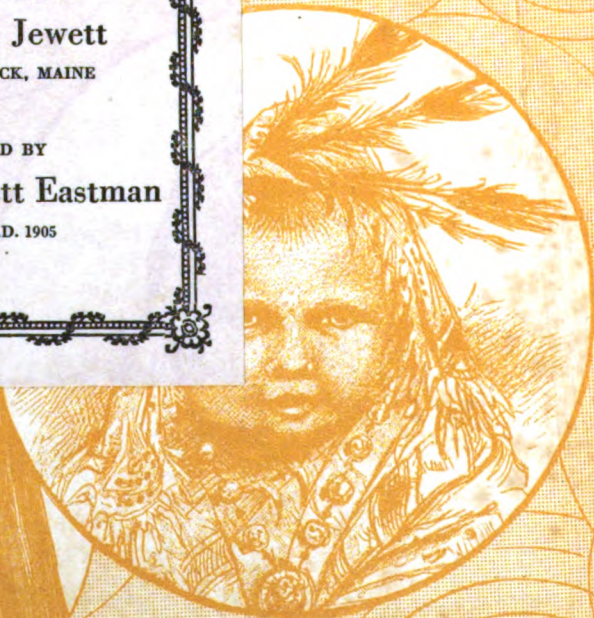
A vintage book cover for 'Babyland' by D. Lothrop & Co. The title 'BABYLAND' is written in large, stylized, brown letters with a drop shadow effect, set against a large, glowing yellow sun. Several children are depicted in various playful poses around the title. At the top, two children are climbing or playing near the 'B' and 'A'. A child in an orange dress is reaching up towards the 'B'. Below the 'Y', three children are sitting together. At the bottom, two more children are sitting and playing. A small bird is perched on the 'L'. The background is a dark green, textured surface. The bottom of the cover features a decorative border with large, detailed flowers and leaves. The year '1884' is printed in a stylized font, and the publisher's name 'D. Lothrop & Co. BOSTON' is at the bottom.

1884

D. Lothrop & Co.
BOSTON

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FROM THE BOOKS
IN THE HOMESTEAD OF

Sarah Orne Jewett

AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE



BEQUEATHED BY

Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905

1931





BREAD AND BUTTER DAYS.

BABYLAND

EDITED BY
THE EDITORS OF WIDE AWAKE.



BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY.
FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS.

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Theodore West Eastern

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D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
1884

Press of Berwick & Smith, 118 Purchase Street.

BABYLAND

Edited by the Editors of WIDE AWAKE.

January, 1884.
Vol. VIII. No. 1.

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[Copyright, 1883, by D. LOTHROP & Co., and entered at the P.O. at Boston as second-class matter.]

50 cts. a year.
5 cts. a number.



A CHRIST-MAS CAR-OL. — "HARK!" SAID THE BA-BY.

A CHRIST-MAS CAR-OL.

"Hark-ums!" said Ba-by,
 "Now, hark-ums, please!"
 And the chub-by fist
 On the pi-an-o keys
 Went down with a crash —
 The white keys screamed!
 But the ba-by gig-gled,
 And his whole face beamed.

A-gain he pound-ed
 With might and main,
 And the keys re-plied
 With a crash a-gain.
 "Did hark-ums?" he said,
 As he made a pause;
 "I sing-ed dat song
 To San-ta Claus!"

HOW JET BE-CAME A WHITE CAT.

Jet has had a good din-
 ner, chick-en and tur-key both,
 and gra-vy. But Jet is a bad
 lit-tle peep-cat. He wish-es
 he could know what is in
 that dish. He hopes it is

squash pie. Up he jumps,
 and—ah! slip! splash! Is
 this scared, wet, white lit-tle
 ob-ject, spring-ing for the
 cel-lar-door — is this Jet?
 Yes, this is Jet.



JET'S AD-VEN-TURE IN THE PAN-TRY.



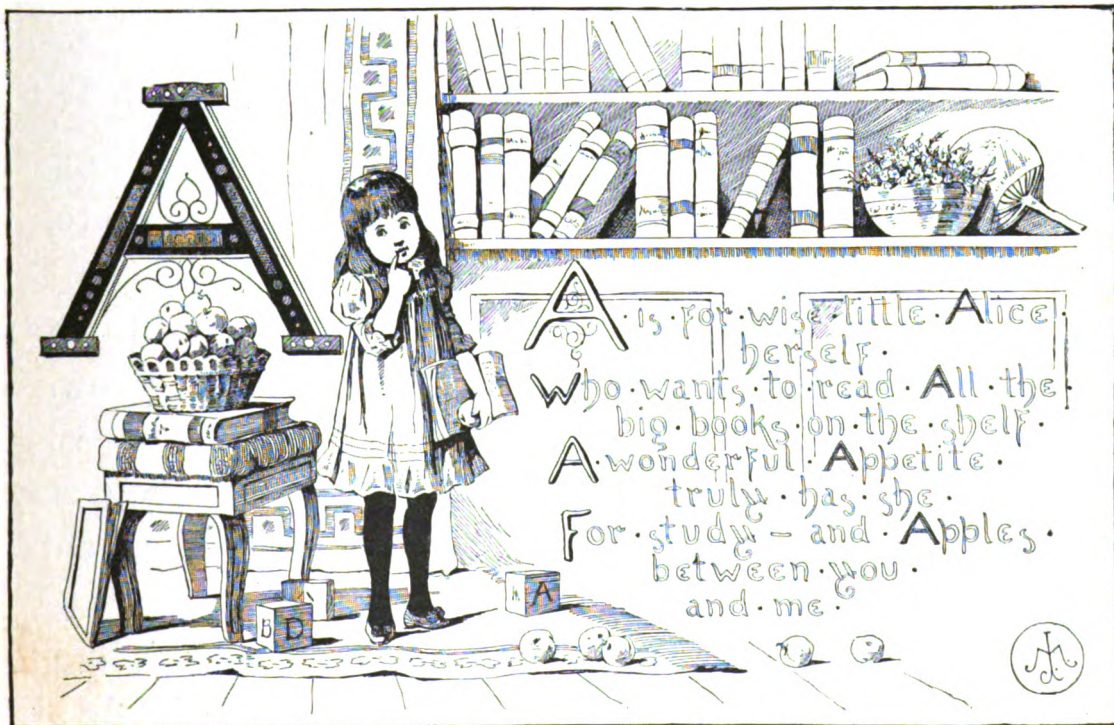
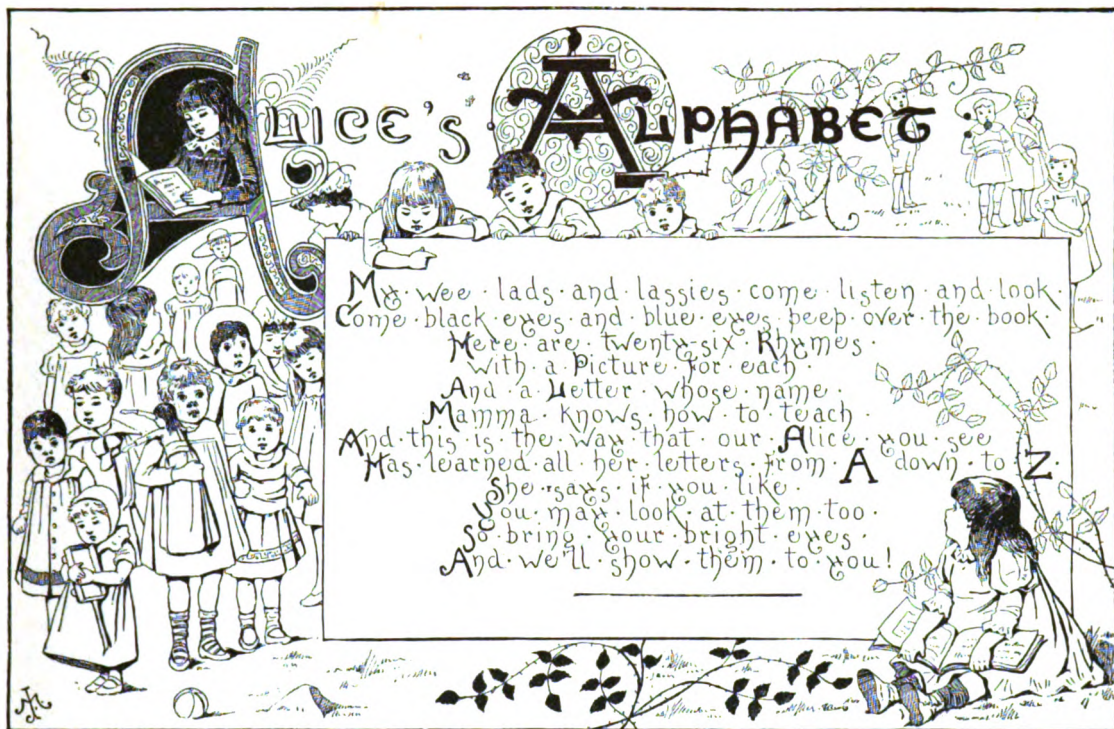
WHAT SAN-TA CLAUS SAW.

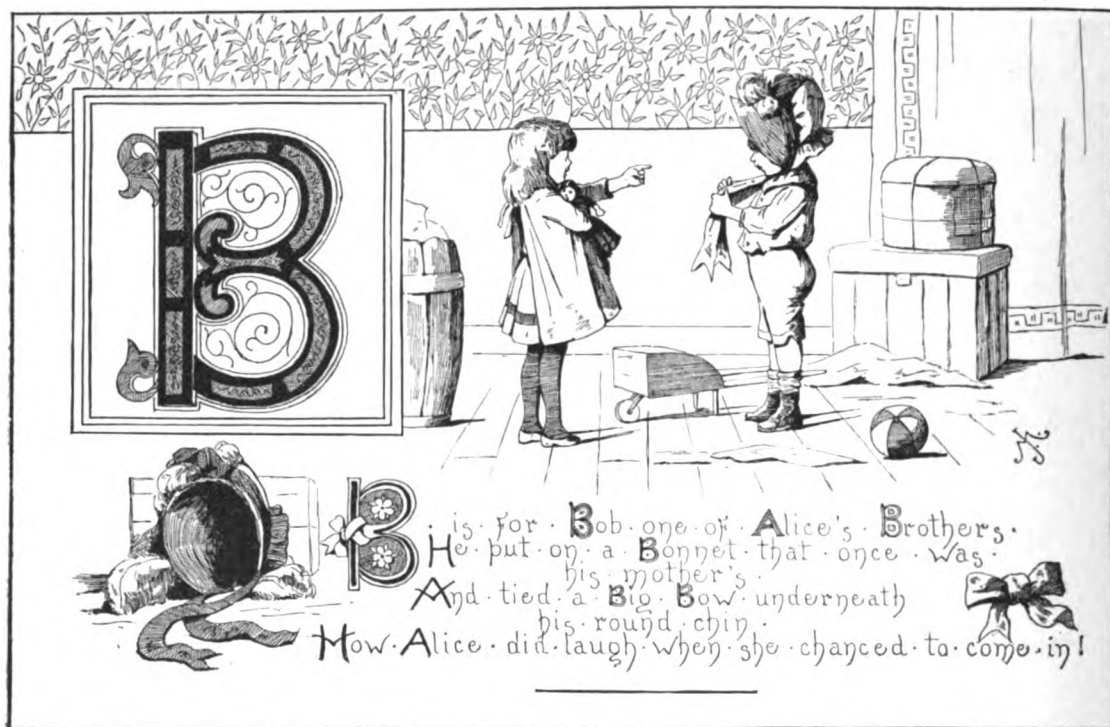
SAN-TA'S O-PIN-ION OF CHRIST-MAS.

“Whoa up, here!” It was San-ta Claus. He goes the rounds the night af-ter Christ-mas for a look at the lit-tle folks he has made hap-py. Did you know it? He stopped his rein-deer be-fore Dot-ty and Dick’s bed-room win-dow, and pressed his ro-sy old face close to the pane. “Well,” said he, “I rath-er like this! This does me good! Would-n’t change work with an-y-bod-y I know! No, sir!”



MER-RY CHRIST-MAS, BA-BY.





Now, Snip, come here, my
 beau-ty
 (So mam-ma says to me),
 Your bangs have grown so
 cur-ly
 I don't see how you see.
 Hold still, dear, while I cut 'em,
 Lie qui-et as a log,
 I'm sure you would-n't like to be
 A cross-eyed lit-tle dog!



THE BROTHERS' CHRIST-MAS GIFT.

LU-CY'S SUR-PRISE.

What think you Lu-cy liked best of her Christ-mas gifts? Her lit-tle red stock-ings were stuffed with pret-ty things; but Jo and Jim-my called her out in the kitch-en, be-fore she was dressed, and gave her a gift dear-er than dolls or books — some-thing all live, and coo-y, and chirp-y, and nest-ly. Look at the pict-ure and see what it was. But when she touched the down-y lit-tle things, the hen said, "No! mine!"



A-WAY WE GO THROUGH THE SNOW.

DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

We can have dog To-ny for a po-ny,
He's too cur-ly for a horse, 'tis true;
But hitched to a sled, by a strap on his head,
And a string of bells, he'll do.

We will wrap Doll Ro-sy up so co-sey,
She will need her tip-pet and her coat;
And was ev-er such a sweet lit-tle thing as Mar-guer-ite,
With a blue scarf round her throat?

And now, with a tingle and a jingle,
A-way we go through the snow!
But hark, To-ny, hark! a po-ny should-n't bark!
He nev-er will learn, I know!

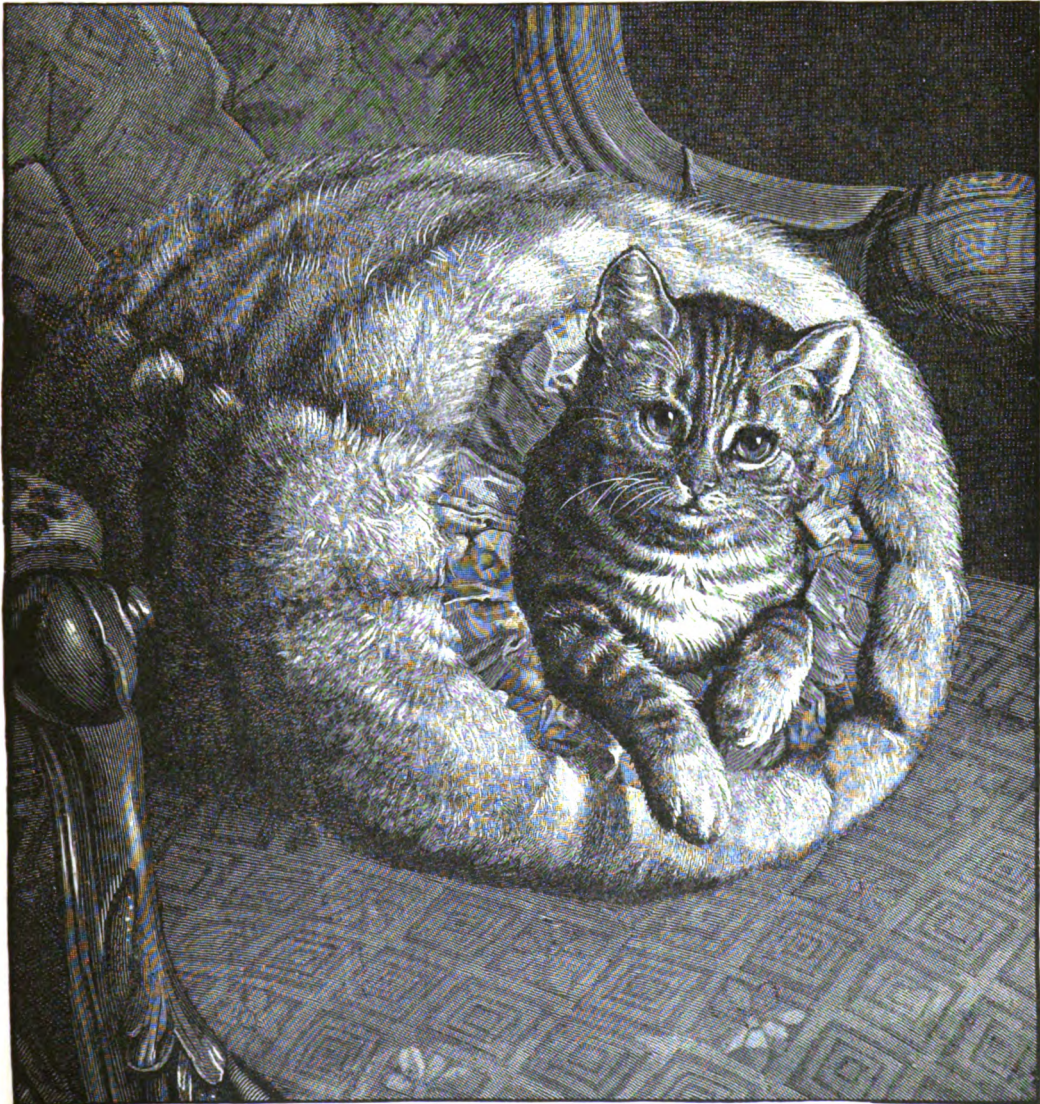
BABYLAND

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OUT PEEPED PUS-SY AT HER.

GRAND-PA'S VAL-EN-TINE.

Grand-pa's ver-y least lit-tle grand-daugh-ter was a ver-y pret-ty child, but she was a ver-y self-ish one, too. Her nurs-es did not like her, and her mam-ma did not know what to do with her. Grand-pa said it was be-cause she was the on-ly pet-ted creat-ure in the house; be-cause ev-er-y-thing dain-ty and pret-ty was giv-en to her. She had all the can-dy, all the bon-bons, all the love and kiss-es. Grand-pa said she ought to have some pets, some-thing small-er than her-self to care for, and to be kind to.

On St. Val-en-tine's Day, grand-pa sent Nel-ly a fun-ny val-en-tine, and she was to have it for hers just as long as she took good care of it. So mam-ma came up in-to Nel-ly's

room on St. Val-en-tine's morn-ing, and she said: "There is a love-ly val-en-tine for you down-stairs, dear. If you are good, and dress quick-ly, you may see it be-fore break-fast; but not if you are naugh-ty."

Nel-ly did not wrig-gle or kick e-ven once while Ma-ry but-toned her boots, did not run off e-ven once when the lit-tle skirts went o-ver her head, held her face up sweet and quiet to be washed, stood still to be brushed, and have her col-lar pinned, and then a-way she tripped down-stairs.

Mam-ma o-pened the par-lor door.

"Run in," she said, "and see your val-en-tine."

Nel-ly looked all a-round, but she saw noth-ing new.

"Why," said mam-ma, "I

left her here—where *is* she?”

“*She?*” said Nel-ly. And then she laughed and ran to the big chair in the cor-ner, and mam-ma ran af-ter her, laugh-ing too. There was grand-pa’s val-en-tine — a trick-sy lit-tle pus-sy-cat; and she had crept in-to mam-ma’s muff, and there she sat, her soft lit-tle head peep-ing out, and pur-ring sweet-ly.

And did this kit-ty make Nel-ly a good lit-tle girl? Well, I think her in-flu-ence was what grand-pa ex-pect-ed, for Nel-ly was ver-y kind and po-lite to her cat, brushed her, and fed her, and let her in and out, and spoke soft-ly and kind-ly, and kit-ty went ev-er-y-where with her, e-ven to church one day, and in-to the coun-try when the fam-i-ly went; and Nel-ly has been heard to give her much good

ad-vice—not to catch birds, and not to growl and spit at oth-er cats, but to share her sau-cer of cream and her chick-

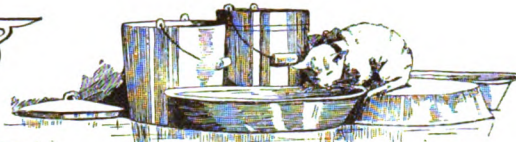
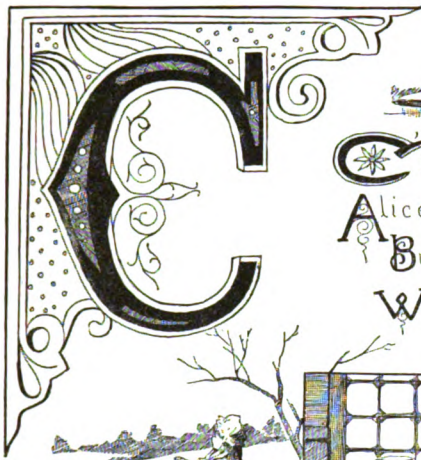


NEL-LY AD-VIS-ES HER CAT.

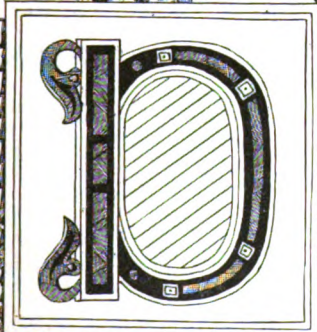
en bones with those oth-er cats, and nev-er, nev-er to mew to be served first at ta-ble—and this ad-vice could have come on-ly from a good, thought-ful lit-tle girl.



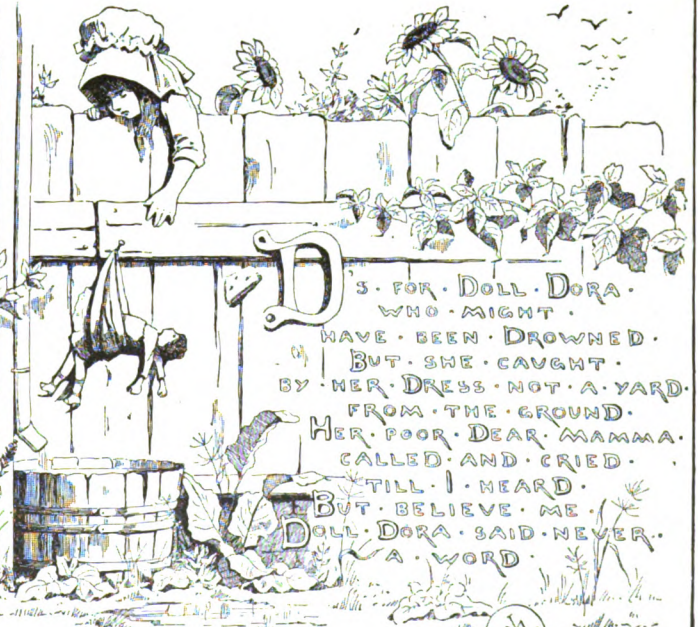
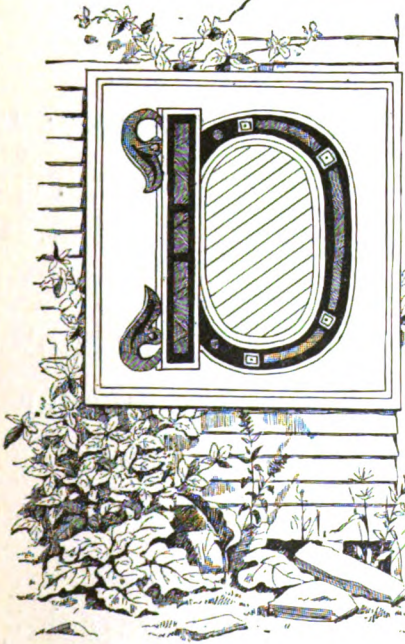
RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. I. — "HAVE A CAR-RIAGE?" II. — SHOP-PING.



C's for the Cream and the nice.
 Crumbs of bread.
 Alice gave to the Cat when she Cried.
 to be fed.
 But the naughty Cat Climbed to
 the high Closet shelf.
 When no one was looking and
 just helped herself.



D's for Doll Dora
 who might
 have been Drowned.
 But she caught
 by her Dress not a yard
 from the ground.
 Her poor Dear Mamma
 called and cried
 till I heard
 But believe me
 Doll Dora said never
 a word.



HOW THEY LOST THEIR PET NAME.

The pet name Madge and Kit liked best was "Pa-pa's



KIT AND MADGE WERE AFRAID.

Brave Girl." They liked to sit, each on a knee, and hear pa-pa tell sto-ries a-bout brave deeds—of fire-men who went in-to burn-ing houses to bring

lit-tle chil-dren out of the hot flames; of cap-tains who stayed on their sink-ing ships un-til all the pas-sen-gers were saved; of hun-ters who hunted wild beasts; and of boys who could not be made to tell a lie.

After the sto-ries, pa-pa would say: "Lit-tle girls can be brave, too."

Then Madge would ask: "Lit-tle girls on-ly four years old?"

Pa-pa would an-swer: "It is brave, when you are sleep-y, to hop out of bed when the ris-ing bell rings."

"An' to hol' still an' be washed when the wa-ter is col'?" Kit would ask.

"That's just it," pa-pa would an-swer.

So Kit and Madge sel-dom cried. No cold wa-ter, no

tan-gles, no dis-ap-point-ment could bring a tear. But yet they lost their "name." One night pa-pa and mam-ma expected to be home from town at eight, but they missed the train, and did not come un-til e-lev-en; and when they drove up, they saw two lit-tle cry-ing, sob-bing, night-gowned, bare-foot-ed girls sit-ting on the hall stairs; and these lit-tle girls said it was be-cause they were "a-fraid?"

"Of what?" asked pa-pa.

"Bears," said Madge.

"An' ev-er-y-sing," said Kit, sob-bing, "an' the dark."

"Well," said pa-pa, "you've lost your fav-or-ite name."



'Twas fun to have one,
What fun to have two!
I bought me an-oth-er,
That's what I did do.

But Frisk-y is jeal-ous,
And Frolic is too,
They bite and they bark.
And what shall I do?



DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—THIM-BLE COOK-IES.

Of course you would like the rec-i-pe
Of the cook-ies I made for dol-ly's tea:

A heap-ing tea-spoon full of su-gar,
And but-ter a-bout as large as a pea.
I stir some flour and wa-ter in
With bak-ing pow-der, then roll out thin,
And cut with mam-ma's sil-ver thim-ble,
And bake in a shal-low, pat-ty-tin.
And, last of all, I sprin-kle a drop
Of pow-dered su-gar up-on the top;

And when the dol-lies be-gin to eat them
They nev-er know when nor where to stop.

BABYLAND

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THE BIG SNOW-BALL ON THE LAWN.

A SNOW-DAY.

The four Wy-eth chil-dren came up North to Grand-pa Grey's farm in March. They want-ed to see ma-ple sug-ar made, and they hoped it might snow a few flakes. These lit-tle South-ern chil-dren had nev-er, nev-er seen a snow-flake!

Well, the ver-y night they came, there was a big snow-storm, and they woke to see the air white and feath-er-y and thick with flakes.

"O," said A-my, "look at the barns and fen-ces and trees—they are heaped with frost-ing like cakes!"

"You shall have a whole fai-ry snow-day!" said grand-pa.

First, they looked at snow-flakes through the mi-cro-scope—such pret-ty, pret-ty shapes; stars and prisms and crys-tals.

Next, Pey-ton shov-elled snow with a broad wood-en snow-shov-el. Then they snow-balled, and grand-pa and grand-ma came out and snow-balled too. Then they rolled up a big snow-ball on the lawn—big and big-ger, un-til they could scarce-ly move it at all; and then, in the af-ter-noon, grand-pa took out the big, old, green sleigh, and gave them a sleigh-ride be-hind his span of bays, and both horses wore strings of sil-ver-y sleigh-bells, and they pranced and danced un-til, at last, they tipped the whole load, blank-ets, buf-fa-lo robes and all, out in-to a great, deep, feath-er-y snow-drift. Grand-pa and Pey-ton said that was the best fun of all; grand-ma and the girls didn't think so.



HOW THE GEESE WENT WALK-ING.

Ten lit-tle geese,
Two lit-tle gan-ders !
The snow is go-ing
We must wan-der !
“Caw!” cried a crow,
“What are you talk-ing !
A whole month yet
You can’t go walk-ing !”
“Hiss,” said the geese,
“You’re al-ways caw-ing!

We see blue sky,
The snow is thaw-ing !”
And thro’ they squeezed,
The crow de-fy-ing ;
But the drifts were deep,
And flap-ping, fly-ing,
The geese came back,
The gan-ders af-ter,
And the crow fell off
The fence with laugh-ter.



RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. — III. AT THE SHOE-MA-KER'S.



I be-long to Har-ry,
 And my name is Pon-to ;
 I can fetch and car-ry
 Any-thing I want to.
 Har-ry likes a trick-dog
 And I've twenty tricks, sir ;
 Har-ry likes a quick dog,
 And I think I'm quick, sir.
 But this hat and feath-er !
 And this tray and glass, sir !
 O, I'd so much rath-er
 Roll up-on the grass, sir !



BA-BY.

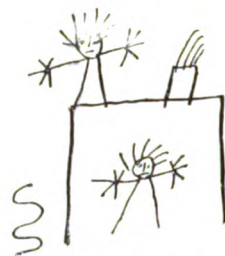


Fret-sy lit-tle ba-by, come to mam-ma's lap!
 Pet-sy lit-tle ba-by, take a lit-tle nap!
 Tod-dling lit-tle ba-by, push-ing chairs a-bout,
 Fun-ny lit-tle ba-by, tired all out,
 Dar-ling lit-tle ba-by, shut her lit-tle eyes
 Lit-tle ba-by-bunt-ing go to sleep-y-byes!

ED-GAR THE AR-TIST.

A lit-tle boy lives in the town of Oak-land, in Cal-i-for-nia, and his name is Ed-gar. He is al-most five years old, and he thinks BA-BY-LAND is ver-y nice in-deed. He oft-en draws pict-ures on his slate,

to pa-pa, and mam-ma, and Wal-do, his lit-tle broth-er.



ONE SNAKE TRIED TO GET UP.



ALL THESE SNAKES!

and tells us sto-ries a-bout them. He tells the sto-ries

Wal-do is three years old, he can tell ver-y fun-ny sto-ries, but he can-not draw pict-ures. When Ed-gar is a man, he says he shall be an ar-tist and paint pret-ty pict-ures. Wal-do says that when he is grown

up, he shall be a rags-sacks-and-bot-tle-man. I will show you two of Ed-gar's pict-ures, and tell you a-bout them.



AF-TER THE HORNS GREW.

This lit-tle boy was play-ing in the grass which you see, when all these snakes came,

so he ran in the house. He thought the snakes would get him there, so he went on top of the house. One snake tried to get up, but he could not.

“This oth-er lit-tle boy,” Ed-gar says, “used to wish he had horns, and here he is after the horns grew, and he is cry-ing a-bout it. You see he did not know how dread-ful it would be to have horns on his head.”

A SCAM-PER.

Run up, run down,
Run in, run out,
Run through the house,
And round a-bout ;
Run down the cel-lar,
And up the stairs,
A-round the ta-ble,
Be-hind the chairs ;

Run into the gar-den, back to the shed,
And nev-er stop 'till you run to bed !





DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—A BAD HAB-IT.

Doll Ro-sy is the love-li-est creat-ure,
With eyes as blue as vi-o-lets,
But I'm sor-ry to say she's fond of pea-nuts,
And eats them ev-er-y chance she gets.

There's a lame man with a cart at the cor-ner,
He hob-bles a-bout up-on a crutch,
You can smell his nice fresh pea-nuts roast-ing,
Doll Ro-sy likes them ver-y much.

It costs five cents to buy a pack-age ;
She's sure to want them, and to tease,
And we some-times sit right on the curb-stone,
And eat them un-der the ma-ple-trees.

BABYLAND

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WEIGH-ING DOL-LIE.

WEIGH-ING DOL-LIE.

"Mar-jo-rie, why don't you weigh your ba-by, as mam-ma does hers?" said big broth-er Guy.

"'Cause I have no *weigh-ers!*" the lit-tle girl said; and the big broth-er threw back his curly head, and laughed so loud, that poor Mar-jo-rie ran from the room with scar-let cheeks.

She did not like to be laughed at, and she was in such an ill hu-mor that she set her lit-tle teeth tight to-gether, and shook Doll Rose-ma-ry soundly.

"You naugh-ty, bad child, you're al-ways get-ting your mam-ma in trou-ble. Go in the clos-et," she said.

But as soon as the clos-et door was closed, she felt sor-ry for her poor ba-by, all a-lone

in the dark, so she took her out, and al-most hugged her neck off, and be-tween the two rash hugs, her eyes fell up-on a large shell that mam-ma had been put-ting strings on, to make a hang-ing-bas-ket.

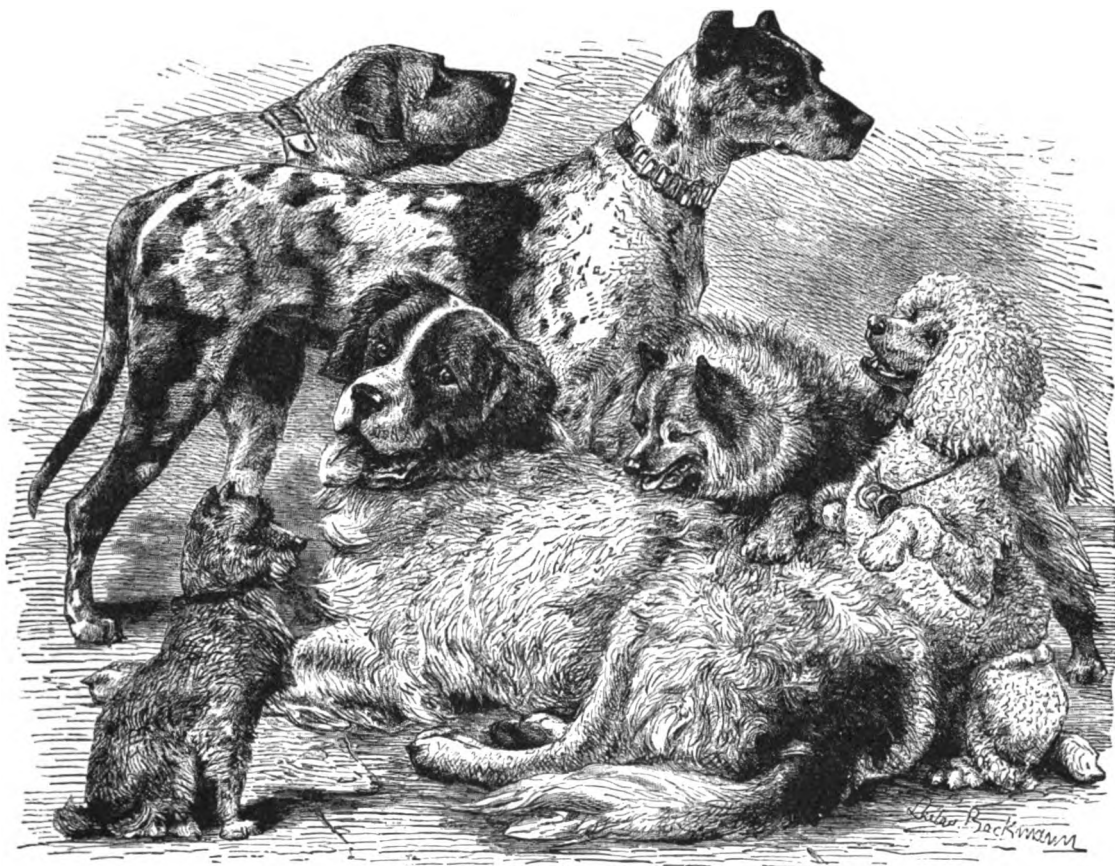
She ran to the bu-reau and got her shoe-but-ton-er. Then she put Rose-ma-ry in the shell, and caught the end of the strings up-on the but-ton hook, and hold-ing all care-ful-ly at arms-length, she went down in-to the li-bra-ry and stood be-fore her broth-er all smiles and sun-shine.

"See, Guy! I've weighed Rose-ma-ry!" she said.

"And what does she weigh?" asked Guy.

"*One pint!*" she an-swered.

The big broth-er want-ed to laugh a-gain, but he didn't.



THE SIX.

JA-MIE'S FRIENDS.

Ja-mie likes dogs. The dogs know it. Dogs always know when little boys like them. There are six dogs on Ja-mie's street; and one day when Ja-mie was sick, and could not go out to play on the walk—what do you think? Those six dogs came into Ja-mie's yard to see what the matter was. Ja-mie laughed when the six looked up at the window and put out their tongues and wagged their tails at him and said, "How! How!"

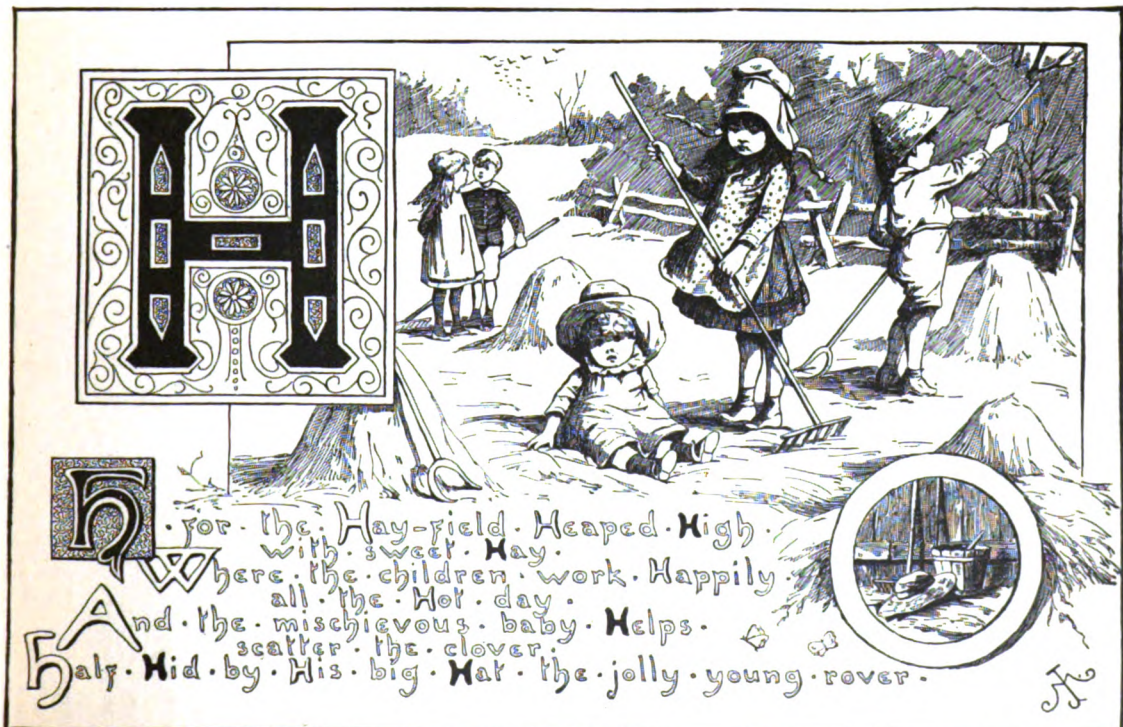
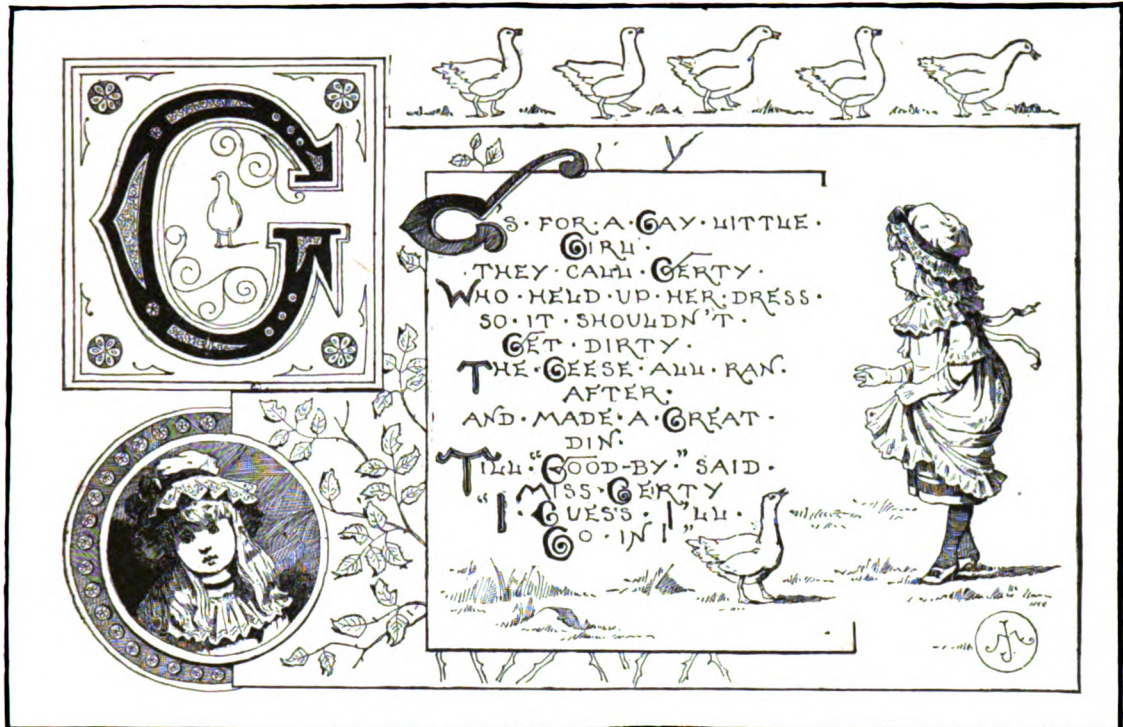


RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. IV.—“AN-Y UM-BREL-LAS TO MEND?”

BA-BY AND TRIP.



O, Trip, don't you wish you could read just like me? If you could, I'd s'cribe for BA-BY-LAN' for you! Then you could read 'bout oth-er dog-gies—BA-BY-LAN' has nice sto-ries 'bout dog-gies. Keep still, an' I'll read you one: 'Once there was a dog-gie, an' he bark-bark-barked, an' he waked the ba-by up.' I made 'at sto-ry, Trip, my own self, an' the poor ba-by is me, and that naugh-ty, naugh-ty dog-gie is you, Trip!



A BAD NIGHT.



rat! "that's the worst thing you could say! Stay here, while I look."

The moth-er-rat went to the door. "Ba-by!" she said. Ba-by came. "Jump on my back," she said. Then she gave a great jump, and a-way she went, her child on her back, down-stairs, down and down-stairs, into the cel-lar, and off out-doors.

Ba-by Rat sat up in bed. She nudged her moth-er. "I smell cheese!" said she. "Cheese!" cried the moth-er-

"The thing I jumped o-ver was a TRAP!" she said to her trem-bling child.

A TRUE BA-BY STO-RY.

I know a mer-ry lit-tle girl,
Her name is Ba-by Blue;
She can-not walk,
She can-not talk,
But she can creep and coo.

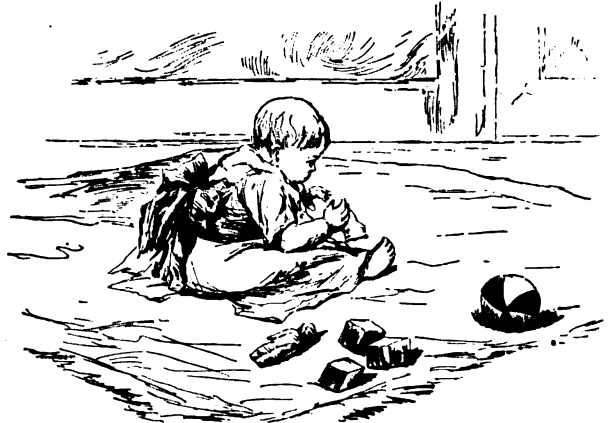
A pretty shawl was spread,
So soft and warm and gay;
With blocks and ball
And rub-ber doll
We left her there to play.

Some-thing round lies on the
shawl;
Per-haps 'tis good to eat!
She goes to 'see
What it can be
On both her hands and
feet.

Ba-by tries to take it up;
She picks and pulls a-gain—
Stares in sur-prise
With big blue eyes,
Then tries—but all in vain!

Ba-by Blue knows what to
do;
With sud-den roll and spring

O-ver she goes
Up-on her nose,
And tries to *bite* the thing!



A-las, for you, sweet Ba-by
Blue,
De-ter-mined lit-tle soul!
Don't tug and try!
Don't kick and cry!
'Tis noth-ing but a *hole*!



Un-buck-le your skate-straps,
now,
Doff muf-flers and mit-tens!
Pus-sy-Wil-low is call-ing out
Her lit-tle gray kit-tens.



DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—THE SICK DOLL.

I'm sure Doll Rosy isn't well,
 She looks a little pale;
 She went out walk-ing yes-ter-day
 With-out her heav-y veil.
 I'll have the doc-tor! Nurse, see here,
 Run for the doc-tor quick,
 Tell him he's want-ed here at once—
 Tell him Doll Ros-y's sick!
 He'll sit be-side her bed, I know,
 Look kind, and say, "A-hem!
 Here's half a doz-en lit-tle pills,
 They're sug-ar — swal-low them!"

BABYLAND

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FLOSS AND DOLL EM-E-LINE.

THE TRAG-E-DY OF THE DOLLS.



WIL-SY AND DOLL PE-TER.

Floss and Wil-sy each had a doll. Floss named hers Em-e-line. Wil-sy called his Pe-ter. Pe-ter wore a fierce cocked hat and a flam-ing sol-dier's suit, sewed on tight, but Wil-sy al-ways said that Pe-ter was a preach-er and that Em-e-line was the "con-

gre-ga-tion." And Floss al-ways said Em-e-line was a fine la-dy and ought to go to balls, and dance with Wil-sy's sol-dier; but Wil-sy would nev-er let Pe-ter be an-y-thing but a preach-er.

One day he had leaned Pe-ter up on a chair as us-u-al, with a book in front for a desk, and he had got down be-hind the chair to do the talk-ing for Pe-ter, and the "con-gre-ga-tion" was be-hav-ing beau-ti-ful-ly, when all at once Floss felt ver-y naugh-ty. She felt ver-y tired of hear-ing the preach-er say "Be dood! be dood!"

She sprang up, seized the preach-er by one leg and sent him spin-ning to the ceil-ing. "Fight! sol-dier, fight!" she cried, as loud as she could.

<p>Poor Pe-ter came down on the hot stove, and his face scorched black. Then was lit-tle Wil-sy en-raged. He made a jump at the "con-gre-gation," and hit her a-gainst the stove as hard as he could. Poor Em-e-line! her beau-ti-ful head and neck flew in-to a thou-sand pie-ces.</p>	<p>And then they screamed and mam-ma rushed in. And what did she do? Whip them? Their mam-ma nev-er whipped. She un-dressed them both, and put on their night-gowns and sent them to bed; and in bed they had to stay all that long, sun-ny day think-ing of their naughty quarrel.</p>
---	---

The man in the moon came
out to-night
After my pa-pa had fixed
the light,
And he had a jol-ly, big,
round head;
He was just as black as black
could be,
And he o-pened his mouth
to speak to me,



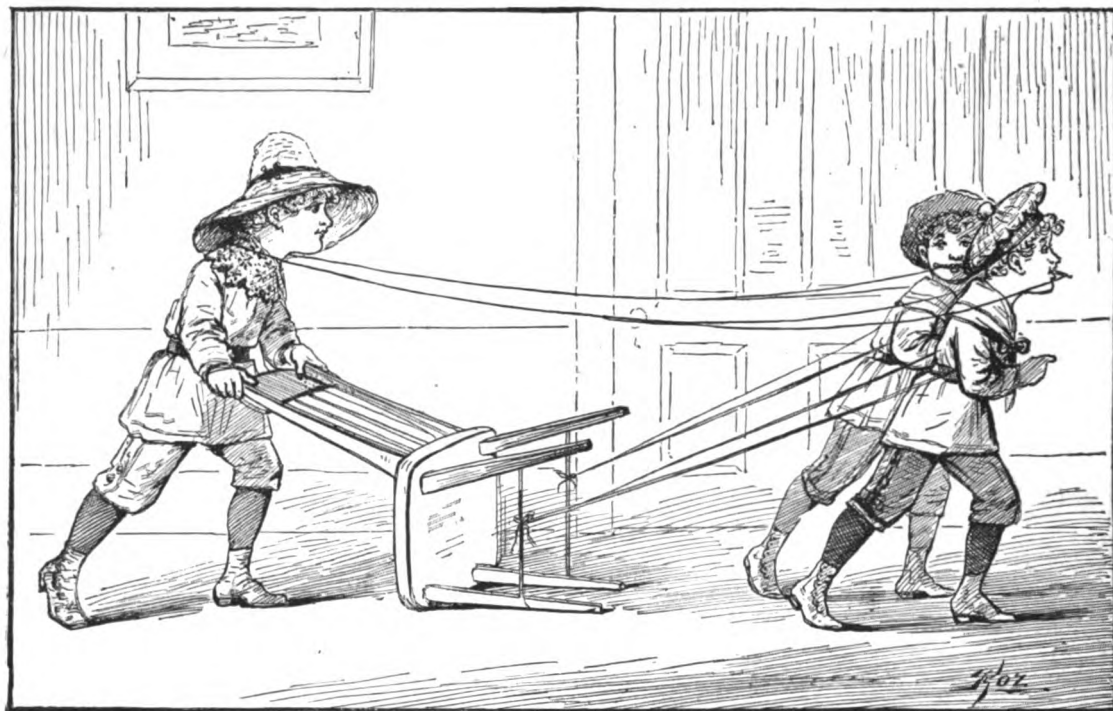
THE MAN IN THE MOON.

But no-bod-y knows what he'd have said,
For he shut it a-gain as quick as a wink,
And his great white eye went blink-it-y-blink;
"A sign," said they, "to go to bed!"



SOME DEAR LIT-TLE WA-TER-BA-BIES.





RAIN-Y-DAYS PLAYS. V.—PLOW-ING.



THE TEM-PEST-MAK-ERS.

Three gay lit-tle ships were sail-ing o-ver the blue Bath-tub O-cean when a great storm

a-rose. The rain came pour-ing in tor-rents and the wind blew a gale. The wild mon-sters of the tem-pest were at work. From a tin wa-ter-ing-pot fell the floods of rain. From a Jap-a-nese fan, paint-ed with drag-ons, swept the fierce winds. There was no hope. The boats keeled over, went down—all was lost!

PINK-IE SUP-POS-ES.



THIS IS PINK-IE'S CAT.

When I run out in the snow,
 S'po-sin' I should have to go
 'Out no shoes,
 'Out no hat,
 Like my lit-tle pus-sy-cat!

S'pos-in' I should say meow,
 'Stead of talk-ing 's I do now,
 'Out no play-things
 'Cept a ball,
 'Cept a spool, or—that's all.

S'pose my dress was on-ly fur,
 And I al-ways had to purr,
 And had claws
 To catch mice—
 I don't think 'twould be real
 nice!



THIS IS PINK-IE.

S'pose I was a tru-ly cat
 Ly-ing on the kitch-en mat,
 'Out no crib
 White and pret-ty,
 Who d' you s'pose would feed that kit-ty?



DOLL ROSY'S DAYS.—THE PUN-ISH-MENT.

I have a great deal of trou-ble
And wor-ry, as you will see,
And I've had to pun-ish Doll Ro-sy
For say-ing, "I won't," to me.

I shook her a ver-y lit-tle,
And sat her down in a chair,
And said, "You are ver-y naught-y,
For shame, Doll Ro-sy — there!"

If she hadn't act-ed sor-ry
And cried real wa-ter-tears,
And prom-ised she would do bet-ter,
I should have boxed her ears.

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THE WHIT-TLING MATCH.

BA-BY'S OUT-FIT.



BA-BY.

Heigh ho, the ba-by wants to go
 And fetch the rain-bow down;
 The red would make her a pret-ty dress,
 The gold would make her a crown,
 The purple would make her a love-ly cloak;
 Then she could ride up and down,
 And through the roads and over the seas,
 A-way to Lon-don town.

MOTH-ER LONG-BILL.

Moth-er Long-bill is quack-ing and call-ing
 Her puff-balls of duck-lings to come.

— *Quack-quack! quick! quick!* —

Now, what have you found, Moth-er Long-bill?

A worm, or a seed, or a crumb?

— *Quack-quack! quick! quick!* —

Hur-ry on, lit-tle green puff-balls,

You'll have your din-ners, if spry!

— *Quack-quack! quick! quick!* —

Keep your cour-age up, Moth-er Long-bill,
 They'll care for them-selves by and by.



THE LONG-BILLS.

THE WHITE HEN AND HER PETS.



PEG-GY.

It was Peg-gy's work to hunt the eggs. But the White Hen would al-ways have her nest un-der the porch, and that made it hard for her, for she had to lie down flat and crawl in.

One night af-ter school, she found the White Hen on the nest, and ver-y cross in-deed. She tried to "shoo" her off, but she would not move. So she pushed her a lit-tle and then she saw—not a plump white egg, but the soft, fur-ry heads of two lit-tle black kit-tens; and they both said *Mew!* to Peg-gy. But the White Hen was cross and pecked, and Peg-gy had to come out and leave her.

That same night Tab-by

came in with a kit-ten in her mouth; soon she came a-gain with an-oth-er; then with an-oth-er; but she seemed un-eas-y and Peg-gy saw her go un-der the porch, and heard her mew.



HOW FUN-NY SHE LOOKED!

The next morn-ing, Peg-gy took a stick and crept un-der the porch. She made the White

Hen step off her nest, and there were two more kit-tens.

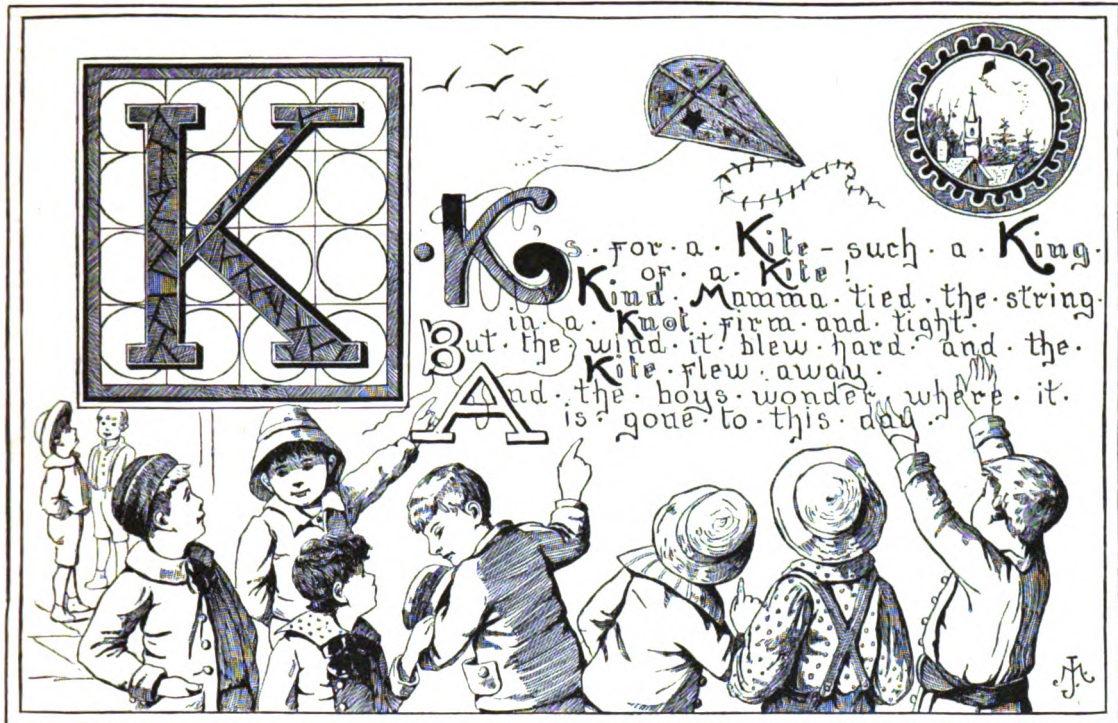
Peg-gy gave Tab-by a nice box on the porch, but in a few min-utes the White Hen came up, cluck-ing as loud as she could, and sat down by the box, and when the kit-tens mewed she would cluck.

Peg-gy put some crumbs on the floor to see what she would do; and she broke the

crumbs with her bill and called the kit-tens to eat, as if they were chick-ens, and if Tab-by tried to come near she made her-self as big as two hens and drove her a-way; and when she nest-led the kit-tens up in her feath-ers, how fun-ny she did look! Then Peg-gy had to car-ry them where the White Hen could not come.



RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. VI. — THE BAR-BER'S SHOP.



AR-THUR'S CAN-DY.



SELF-ISH AR-THUR.

It was a long stick, white with red stripes. Black Jim, the wait-er, had giv-en it to Ar-thur. No-bod-y had seen him do it, not one of the oth-er lit-tle folks board-ers, and Ar-thur ran with it down to his moth-er's ham-mock under the trees. "Good-y!" cried

he, in his self-ish lit-tle heart, "I can have it all my own self!"

There in the shade he sat and nib-bled. But the can-dy did not taste as good as he ex-pect-ed, and he was not near-ly so happy as he sup-posed he was going to be. But as he sat there, a-fraid some of the boys would come down to the trees, he saw sev-er-al chil-dren who were happy. On the bank down by the brook sat the three lit-tle patched Boggs boys.



THE LITTLE BOGGS BOYS.

They were all chew-ing sour sor-rel leaves, and he could hear them telling

rid-dles and hav-ing great fun. And pret-ty soon, down the

path to their fath-er's cot-tage, came Black Jim's chil-dren, Rose and little Sam. "O-pen your mouth, and shut your eyes," he heard Rose say. Sam shut his eyes and Rose popped a white pep-per-mint in his mouth, and then how they giggled! And then he saw the two big Fair-banks boys come rac-ing down the road with their lit-tle cous-ins. They were horse-back, rid-ing green branch-es for horses. It was a big frol-ic for the lit-tle fel-lows, and the two old-er boys made be-lieve it was fun too.

Yes, ev-ery-bod-y was hap-py

ex-cept Ar-thur, who had a whole stick of can-dy all to



SAM AND ROSE.

him-self — what *do* you think was the mat-ter with Arth-ur?



THEY WERE HORSE-BACK.



DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—THE QUAR-REL.

It makes me ver-y sad to see
My lit-tle chil-dren dis-a-gree;

Doll Ro-sy, go at once to the clos-et!
And Mar-guer-ite, come here to me!

I see, Doll Ro-sy, by your face
You're ver-y sad at this dis-grace,

And I know as well as an-y-bod-y
The clos-et is a dark bad place.

You could find a nice seat an-y-where,
Yet each must have the rock-ing-chair!

And oh, for shame to have a quar-rel
A-bout the rib-bons in your hair!

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PUS-SY-CAT'S BREAK-FAST.

A SELF-ISH DOG-GIE.



IN THE BACK YARD.

Not a bit shall you have,
 Not a scrap, not a gnaw,
 I found it—it's mine;
 With my own stur-dy paw
 Right out of the ground
 I dug it; so now!
 You hid it there? *You?*
 Who cares! bow-wow!

A DI-LEM-MA!

Now where shall I es-cape to?
 Now whith-er shall I fly!
 Here comes a might-y white
 bear,

With wild and glit-ter-ing eye!

Ah, see him prowl!

Ah, hear him growl!

O, tell me what to think of?

O, tell me what you'd do

If such a dread-ful crea-ture

Should make a bound at you!

His paws are fum-bling round me, I feel his musk-y breath—

Ah! now I know my tac-tics! I'll hug this bear to death!



THE BEAR.



"MON-EY?" LIT-TLE MAR-TA SAID NOT A WORD.

LIT-TLE MAR-TA'S MAR-KET-ING.

Marta did not like her breakfast. She sat in her high chair and made frowns at her bread and milk. She made frowns at her gingerbread, too. And then she thought a big naughty thought.

After breakfast this Marta took a basket on her little fat arm, and opened the street-door, and went round the corner to the market. Frau Halle knew the little bare-headed girl. "Ah, Marta," said she, "what wilt thou have? Did the mother send thee to buy the dinner?"

"I like not the mother's

din-ners," said lit-tle Mar-ta.

"What wouldst thou like?" said the Frau, smil-ing.

"I would like," said Mar-ta, "chick-ens' hearts, and wish-bones, and a plum bun."

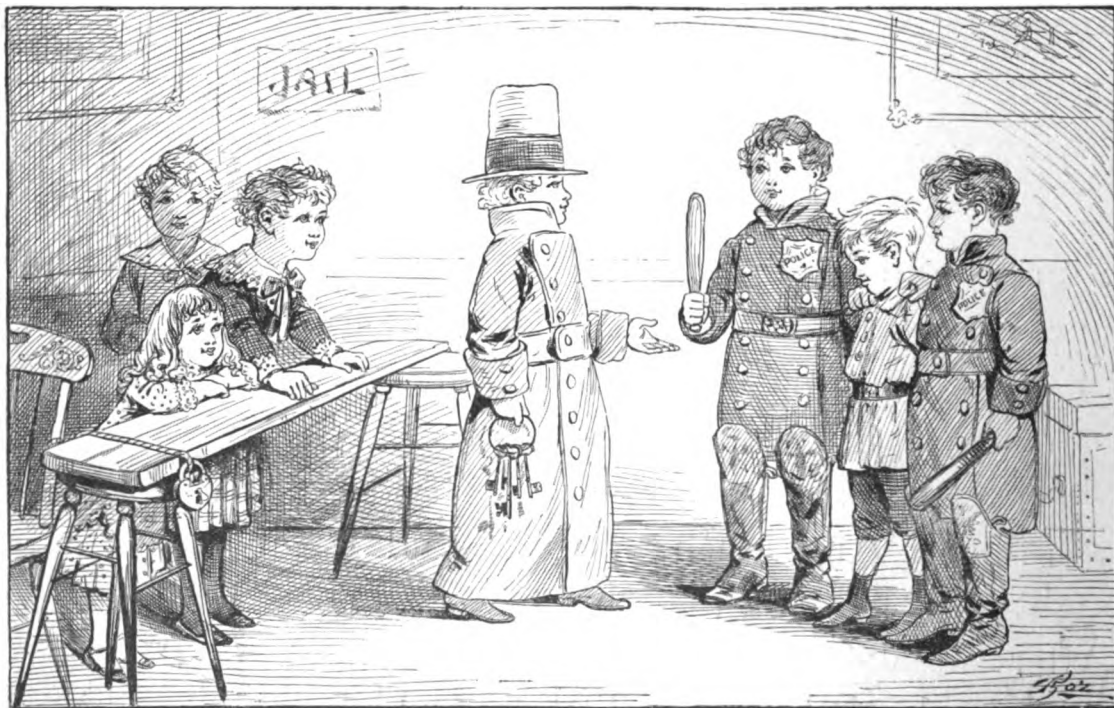
"So thou would-st, thou dear! And hast thou the mon-ey?"

Mon-ey? Mar-ta had none.

Then a voice spoke be-hind her, and her moth-er

picked her up and car-ried her a-way. "I saw the street door o-pen, and I came af-ter thee, thou rogue! What if the rag-man had stol-en thee! I ought to spat thee."

Lit-tle Mar-ta was not "spat-tered," but she was un-dressed and put in her bed to stay all day; and there was on-ly bread and milk on her lit-tle tray for one long week.



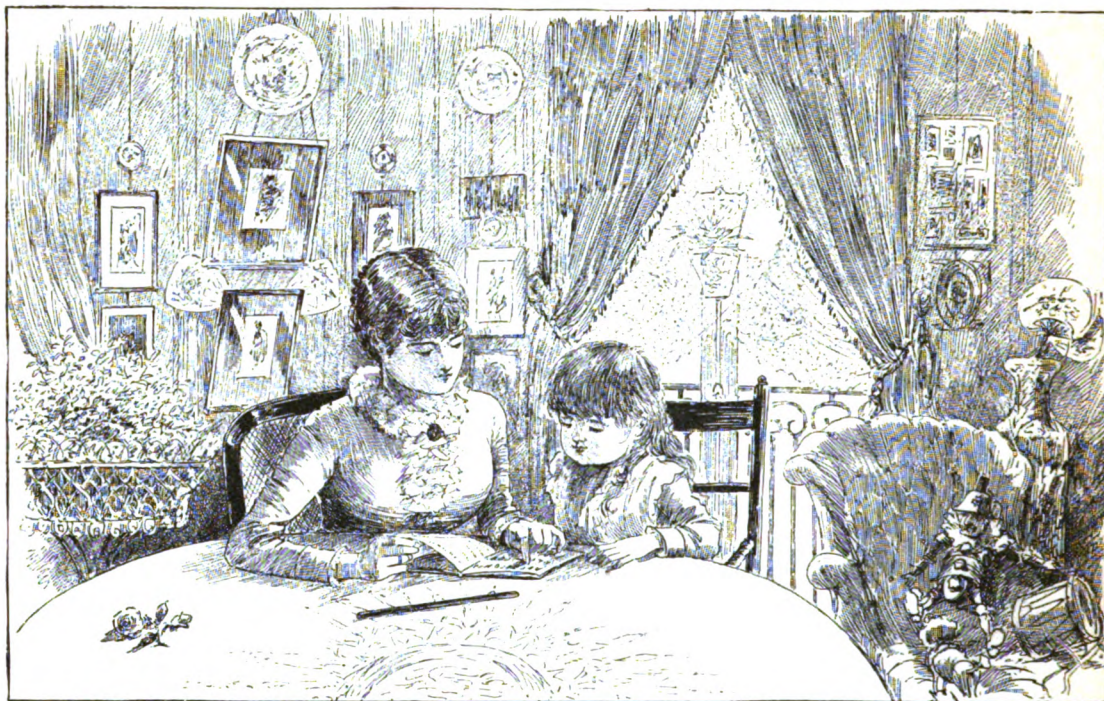
RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. VII.—THE PO-LICE STA-TION.

M

“Come Alice.
My Merry.
Wee Maiden.
and tell.
What **M** is
to stand for -
you know very well.
Not sister.
nor
brother.
Come think of
another!
She waits just
a minute -
Why **M**'s
for **M**'s.
My Mother!”

N

N's for that
Nimble
young Negro.
Named Ned.
Who never
is tired.
or sleepy.
'tis said.
But smiling and
bright.
With a bow most
polite.
He brings us the
News
every morning
and night.



THE READ-ING LES-SON.

A LIT-TLE FRENCH GIRL.

A-dele is a pret-ty lit-tle French girl. You would not un-der-stand her when she speaks. If she wish-es to say "yes," she says "*oui*;" if she wish-es to say "no," she says "*non*;" and she says "*mer-ci*," in-stead of "thanks." But you would un-der-stand her smile and her laugh, and you would like to play with

her big doll. A-dele calls him "old Plon-Plon." Some-times she dress-es him like the clown in the cir-cus and makes him dance; and some-times he is a sol-dier. Plon-Plon was a birth-day pres-ent. Plon-Plon has a drum.

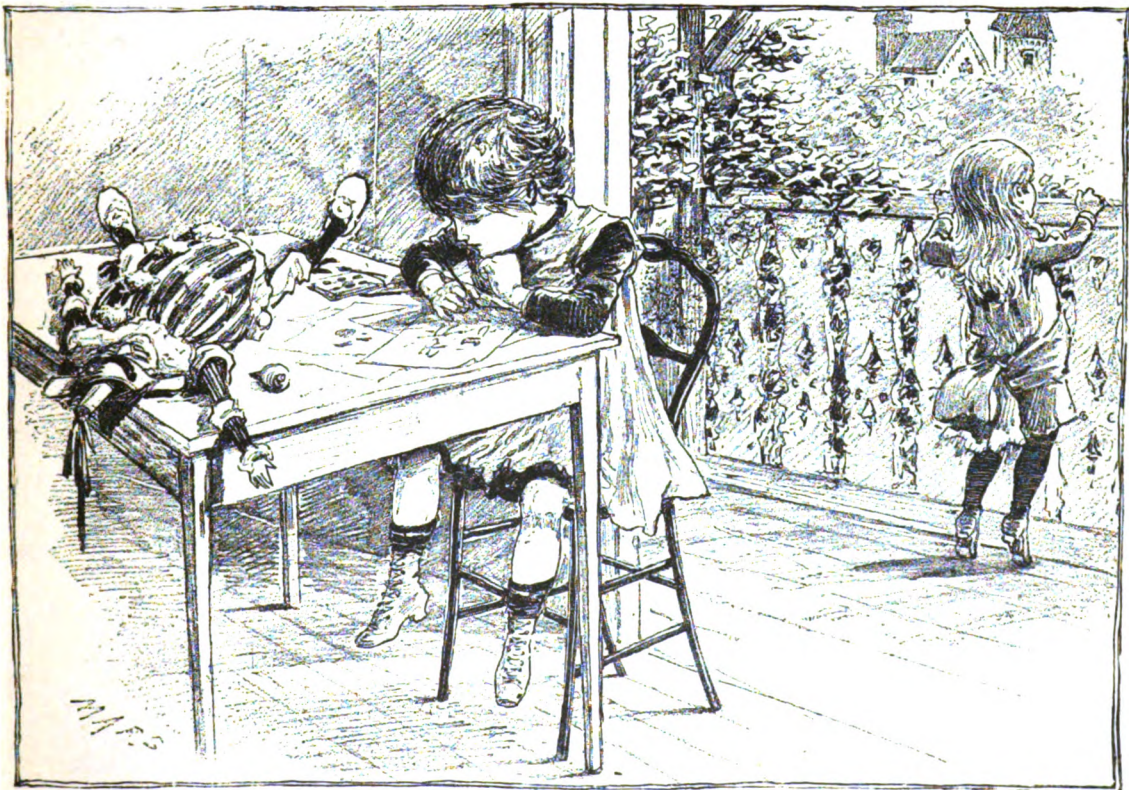
Plon-Plon is nev-er ver-y far a-way from A-dele. He rests his poor, jer-ky legs

on the so-fa while she has her read-ing les-son with mam-ma; and he of-ten lies on the ta-ble and looks on while she goes o-ver her ac-counts; for lit-tle French girls are taught to reck-on up their can-dy mon-ey and their nut mon-ey and their toy mon-ey. "Re-mem-ber this, Plon-Plon," A-dele some-times sad-ly says to him, "if you spend your mon-

ey, that mon-ey is gone, gone!"

She says it in French, but Plon-Plon un-der-stands.

And then A-dele and Plon-Plon, and the nurse in her white cap, and the lit-tle sis-ter, go out to walk and play in the beau-ti-ful Gar-den of the Tuil-er-ies, and Plon-Plon beats his drum with the help of two pretty white hands.



AD-DING UP THE CAN-DY MON-KEY.



DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—GOOD MAN-NERS.

Do use your fork, Doll Ro-sy,
You'll be a la-dy soon;
You're quite too big a girl to eat
Po-ta-to with a spoon;

And let me pin your nap-kin
A-bout your neck, this way;
And try not drop so man-y crumbs
Up-on the floor, I pray.

And don't in-sist on hav-ing
What mam-ma has re-fused;
And when you've fin-ished eat-ing, say,
"Please may I be ex-cused?"

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"GO 'WAY, I SAY!"

THE LOST NIGHT-IE.



WHERE'S MY NIGHT-IE?

A lit-tle man went hunt-ing,
And met good Mr. Bunt-ing;
Said the lit-tle man, "I've been
Hunt-ing for a rab-bit-skin."

Said Mr. Bunt-ing, "Well,
I've one I'd like to sell."
So now there is no rab-bit-skin
To wrap poor Baby Bunt-ing in.

Poor Ba-by Bunt-ing,
A shiv-er-ing lit-tle heap!
With-out her rab-bit-skin
How can she go to sleep!

Ears back, Trip! what you think
sol-diers wag their ears for? they *never*
wag their ears. At-ten-tion! eyes right!
ground arms! halt! I'm the march-er,
Trip, and you're the halt-er! Now — halt!
march! O, Trip! what made you come,
too! you've spoiled the play! All you are
good for, Trip, is just to stand sen-try!



SHOUL-DER ARMS!

THE SHAD-OW BUT-TER-FLY.

Hark, ba-by, hark!
Wipe the tear-y lit-tle eye,
You shall see a but-ter-fly
Fly in the dark!

At mam-ma's call
The great, black shad-ow-things
Spread and wave their wings!
There—on the wall!



THE SHAD-OW BUT-TER-FLY.



THE CIT-Y CHIL-DREN AT THE BEACH.

“What I like best,” said Ted, “is this dirt.” “I do, too,” said Tot. “I do *so* like to dig!” Poor Tot and Ted—they have no dirt at home at all. The front door opens on the side-walk, and the back-yard is paved with bricks, too, and the po-lice-men will not let them e-ven so much as step on the real ground in the Pub-lic Gar-den or the Com-mon — no won-der they “like the dirt best!” when they go to the beach.



GRAND-PA GAVE HER THE THREE.

THE SPOT-TED KIT-TENS.

I went to grand-pa's barn to hunt for eggs the oth-er day,
And what *do* you guess I found ly-ing cud-dled in the hay?
Oh! the kit-ty kit-ty kit-tens—such ti-ny, dar-ling kit-tens!
The dear-est lit-tle kit-tens that you ev-er saw at play.

They scampered and they capered, rolled and rolled a-round!
They pulled each other's tails and they tumbled on the ground!
Oh! the jol-ly, jol-ly kit-tens—the mer-ry mites of kit-tens—
Such rol-lick-ing and frolick-ing! the like was nev-er found.

I laughed, and I laughed a-gain, and still I laughed with glee,
For grand-pa said: "I don't know what to do, with three;
So you shall have a kit-ten, which-ev-er lit-tle kit-ten
You choose, when they are big e-nough to take a-way, you see."

Which would you choose? There's one as shi-ny black as jet,
With his rogu-ish lit-tle eyes, and spots of buff—a pret-ty pet.
He's a fris-ky lit-tle kit-ten—a sau-cy, cun-ning kit-ten,
I like the black-buff kit-ten—but I haven't cho-sen yet.

For there's a lit-tle gray thing with soft and silk-y fur,
I hugged her in my arms and she nev-er tried to stir,
And she is spot-ty too—a beau-ty of a kit-ten,
Such a co-sey lit-tle kit-ten—and you ought to hear her purr!

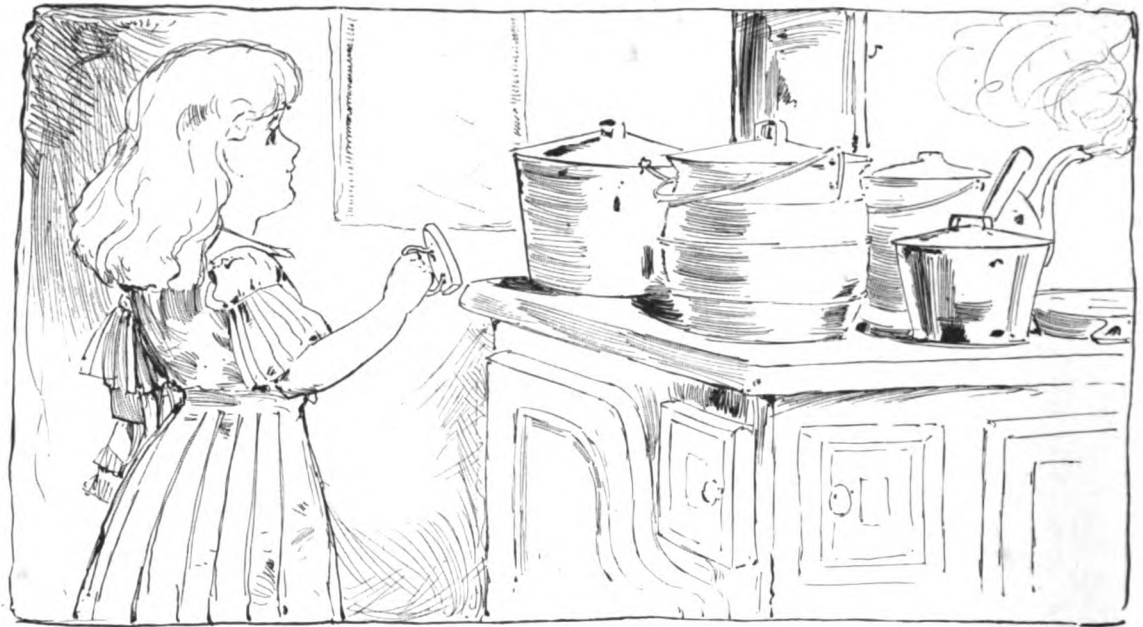
But when you see the third one you can-not help but know
How hard it is to choose when I love the oth-ers so,
She's the sweet-est lit-tle kit-ten—the down-i-est of kit-tens,
And her dain-ty tor-toise fur is flaked with soft-est snow.

What *shall* I do a-bout it? I can-not choose, you see!
Which-ev-er one I take I can-not let the oth-ers be!
Oh! the kit-ty kit-ty kit-tens, the bon-ny, bon-ny kit-tens!
Oh! grand-pa dear, now couldn't you give them *all* to me?



RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. VII.—AT THE TAILOR'S.





DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—KITCH-EN TROU-BLES.

Now there's Doll Ro-sy's cam-bric suit
With lace to pull, and ruf-fles to flute;
I have washed it, starched it, sprin-kled it, too,
But the i-ron-ing is still to do.

Now Bid-dy has pots and ket-tles and cans
And spi-ders and skil-lets and grid-dles and pans,
All o-ver the stove, till there isn't a spot
To heat my lit-tle flat-i-ron hot!

Oh, dear! when I am a la-dy grown
I'll have a kitch-en all of my own,
And no-bod-y there, like Bid-dy, to say,
"Run a-way, lit-tle girl, don't both-er to-day!"

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PET PAT-IV.

PET PAT-TY'S FRIGHTS.

Pet Pat-ty was a love-ly, sun-ny ba-by—hair a silk-y yel-low, eyes sky-blue, and she looked all the time just as though she were go-ing to smile or speak. And she was such a good ba-by too—you could leave her a-lone, broad a-wake, and she would nev-er cry at all.

“She is nev-er a-fraid or lone-some,” said mam-ma; “she has her own hap-py lit-tle thoughts for com-pa-ny.”

But that is all mam-mas know a-bout ba-bies. Pet Pat-ty *was* a-fraid. There were things that scared her dread-ful-ly when she was left a-lone. She had four frights in one af-ter-noon, one day.

Frisk, the nice, good old fam-i-ly cat that al-ways took a nap on the win-dow-sill af-ter

din-ner start-ed up all at once and looked like this:

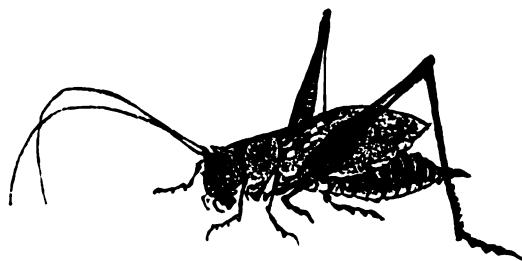
Pat-ty didn't know it was be-cause Frisk saw



FRIGHT NO. 1.

a dog down in the yard.

Next, pret-ty soon, a strange green Crea-ture—Pat-ty knew it was a-live and would bite—came and stood in the door-way and stuck out two horns at her like this:



FRIGHT NO. 2.

Then he hopped up two hops. To be sure, he went right a-way af-ter-wards, but Pet Pat-ty be-lieved he could draw her right out of her chair with his horns if he chose to leap as high as he could.

She didn't know that he was only a grass-hop-per from the mead-ow.

Then a yel-low Thing, like this, flew in at the win-dow. It buzzed up to her as a bee buz-zes a-bout a flow-er.



FRIGHT NO. 3.

It sound-ed as though it would sting—Pet Pat-ty thought—and there she was right, for it was a wasp. But it didn't sting—it flew out and went off.

Then there was Some-thing

Else came and stood in the room. It had frow-sy hair, and big bare feet.

O—I tell you—Pat-ty was ver-y fear-ful then—it looked at her so stead-y! Pat-ty be-lieved it was a Gi-ant. But it was on-ly the chore-boy and he just wanted to kiss her—that was all. He went a-way soon, but Pat-ty trem-bled a long time, and wish-ed mam-ma would come. So you see ba-bies *do* have frights.



FRIGHT NO. 4.



Ho, lit-tle Moth-er Hub-bard,
Wish one, wish two!

“Then I’ll wish me a cup-
board

All paint-ed blue!”

You can have two wish-es—

Wish one, wish two!

“Then I’ll wish a set of dishes!

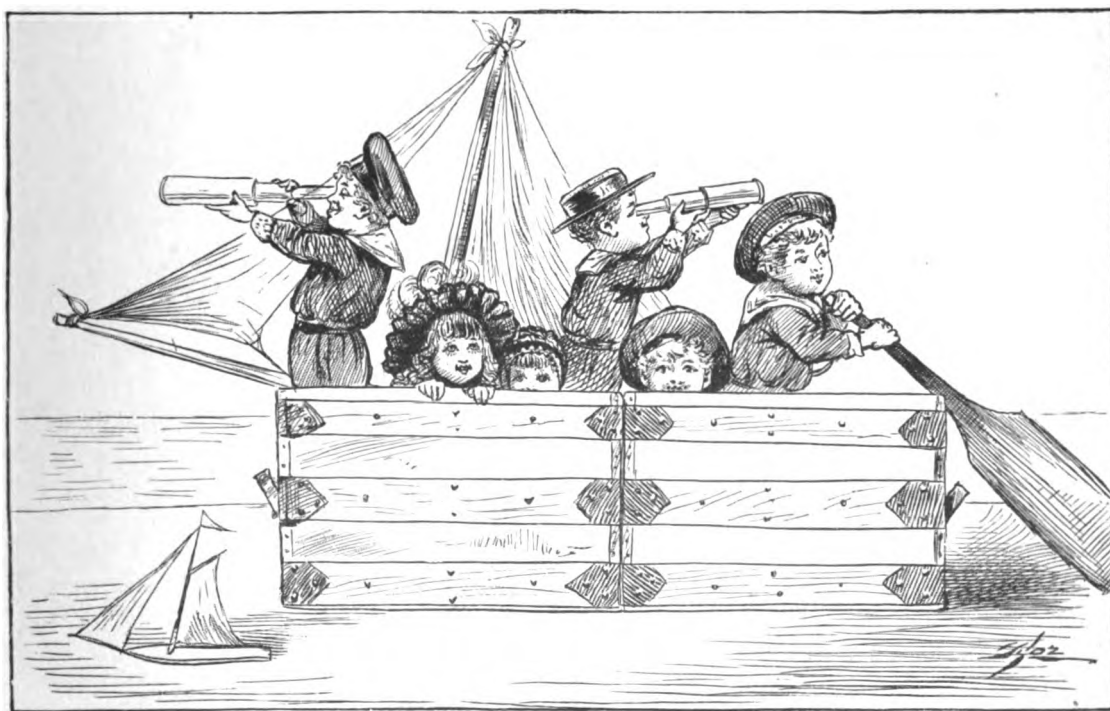
Wish, wish, come true!”



CLAR-I-BEL'S TEN-ANTS. — "PEEF-BO, BA-BIES!"

CLAR-I-BEL'S TEN-ANTS.

In Clar-i-bel's gar-den there is a dar-ling lit-tle fam-i-ly that live in a dar-ling lit-tle house. The house is a bro-ken flow-er-pot, and the fam-i-ly are birds. Lit-tle fan-cies of-ten come in-to Clar-i-bel's mind, and last spring she asked pa-pa to fas-ten the bro-ken pot a-against the wall and see if some birds would take it for a nest. Well, a pair of birds did take it, and they brought up their fam-i-ly a-mong Clar-i-bel's ro-ses, right where she could look from her win-dow and see all the hap-py home-life of the lit-tle ten-ants.



RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. IX. — THE SAIL-BOAT.



DING! DONG! DIN-NER TIME IN BA-BY-LAND.

A RUN-A-WAY.

O, see the chil-dren's hor-ses!
 Each ba-by has a pair;
 They gay-ly, gay-ly gal-lop!
 The whips crack in the air.

They paw, they prance!
 And now—O see them rear!
 I won-der that the rid-ers,
 Are not in dead-ly fear!

“Whoa!” they cry so wild-ly;
 The hor-ses will not stay,

But plunge a-head more mad-ly —
 Ah, 'tis a run-a-way!



THE CHIL-DREN'S HORSES.





Q's for this Queer-looking.
 little Quartette.
 Who in Grandmama's Quaint
 garret-chamber have met.
 They Quarreled at first over
 feather and frill.
 But made up Quite Quickly and
 danced a Quadrille.





R's for a Rollicking Round.
 little Rover.
 Who Rode on a Rail through
 the Rosy-Red clover.
 Alas he was Rash
 for it broke with a crash
 away down the hill.
 he Rolled
 over and over.



DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—WHAT TIM-TIM DID.

Oh, what do you think has hap-pened?

Doll Ro-sy al-most died!

It fright-ened me so dread-fully

Of course I cried and cried.

I rocked her to sleep this morn-ing,

And laid her in the chair;

Tim-Tim, the pus-sy, did-n't know

That I had put her there!

And so, when he got sleep-y,

What should he do but curl

His great gray bod-y in a ring

Right on my lit-tle girl!

BABYLAND

Edited by the Editors of WIDE AWAKE.

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BA-BY'S BATH.

BA-BY'S BATH.

The lit-tle red ro-ses
Wash in the dew;
They need it to grow,
And so do you.

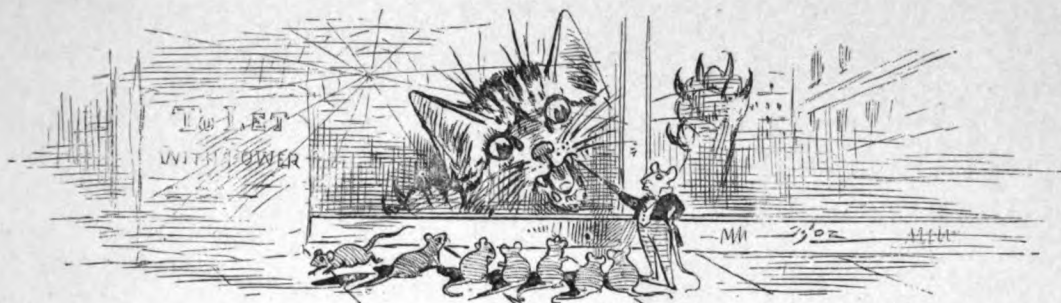
The lit-tle red ro-ses
Look fresh and new
From their morn-ing bath,
And so do you.

The lit-tle red ro-ses
A-danc-ing go,
And I'll rock ba-by
To and fro.

The lit-tle red ro-ses
Tap at the pane,
But ba-by is fast
A-sleep a-gain.



RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. X. — THE RAG-MAN.



KIN-DEE-GAR-TEN FOR MICE. — "THIS IS A CAT."

MA-RY AND THE CON-SCIENCE OWL.

What does that owl want to look at me for? I haven't done any-thing at all 'cept put some match-es in my pock-et. 'Tisn't ver-y prob-a-ble I would build a fire any-where. That old watch-y owl! I b'l'ev-e ev-er-y bit it is he who tells my mam-ma what I do! I de-test spy-owls! I was just go-ing to burn my own curl-y shav-ings that my un-cle Dick made for me on his work-bench—but I jus' know that spy-owl would hol-ler to my mam-ma, an' so I s'all not do

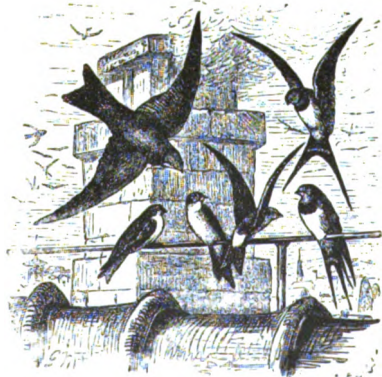


LIT-TLE MA-RY.

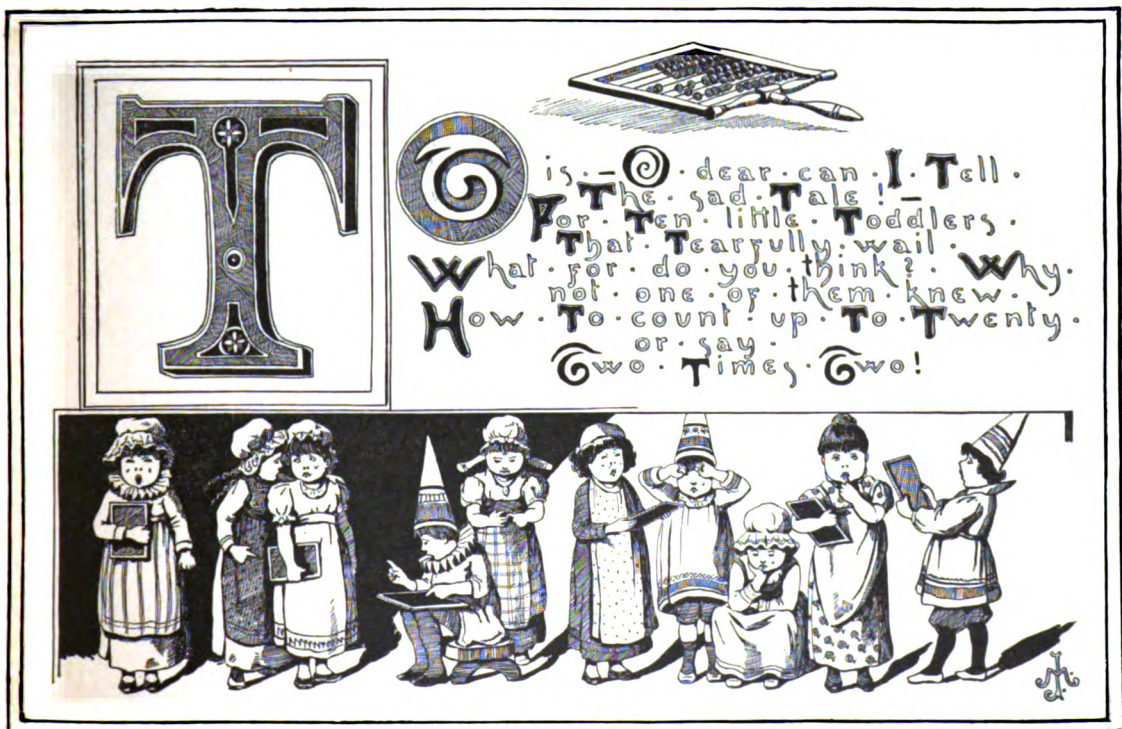
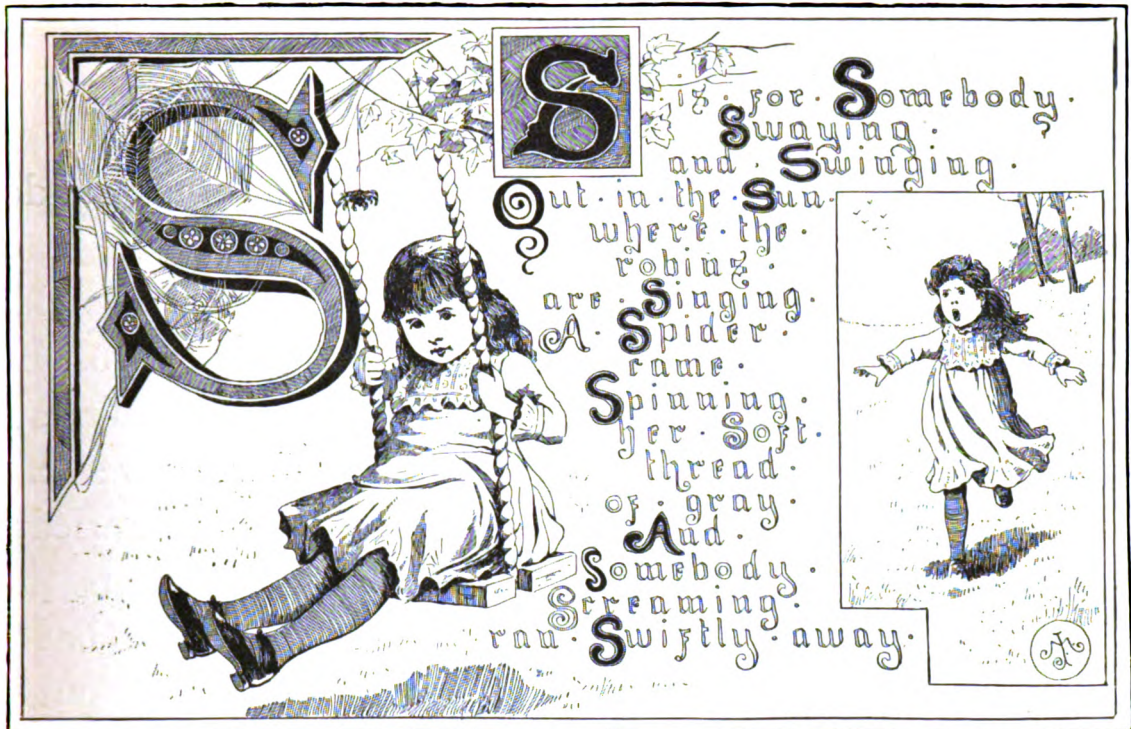
it now! I s'all jus' wait till some oth-er day.



A LAWN PAR-TY.



One night a swal-low found her children out-side the chim-ney, a-fraid to go in. They said a gi-ant had got in-to the house be-low; they had heard its voice, sweet, but deaf-en-ing. So she flew up to lis-ten. In a mo-ment she laughed. "Come a-long," said she, "it's only a wo-man sing-ing to her ba-by."



I THOUGHT YOU FOR-GOT.

It was Bel-la White's birth-day. She was six times one. The sun was shin-ing, the ro-ses were in bloom, and the bees and the but-ter-flies were fly-ing a-bout, for Bella's birth-day came in June.

Bel-la was hav-ing a gar-den par-ty in hon-or of the day, and all the small girls and boys in the neigh-bor-hood were there, ex-cept one lit-tle girl — Lot-tie Van Zee.

"Didn't you in-vite her?" asked Ma-mie Starr.

"No, I didn't," said Bel-la. "Mam-ma let me in-vite who I choosed, and I knew Lot-tie Van Zee had on-ly a cal-i-co dress and no shoes, and I didn't want an-y cal-i-co dress-es and bare feet at my par-ty."

But no soon-er had she

said this, than the gar-den-gate o-pened and in came Lot-tie. Her dress was clean and she had a red rose-bud in her brown curls, but, sure e-nough, her feet were bare. In one hand she car-ried a bunch of wild flow-ers, and in the oth-er a lit-tle bas-ket from which peeped out a bright-eyed, snow-white pig-eon. The chil-dren looked at her in sur-prise, but she on-ly smiled at them and then walked straight up to Bel-la. "I've come to your par-ty," she said in a sweet, ba-by voice.

"But I didn't send you an-y in-vi-ta-tion," said Bel-la, not very pleas-ant-ly.

"I know that you didn't," an-swered the child, "but I thought you for-got. 'Cause

I'm go-ing to ask *you* to my birth-day party when I'm six years old, if I have one. I'm go-ing to give ev-er-y-bod-y a 'vi-ta-tion, and I'd feel so bad if I for-got just one lit-eon—I call her Snow-flake."

For a mo-ment Bel-la hung her head, blush-ing ro-sy red. Then she threw both her arms a-round Lot-tie and gave her a sweet kiss. "You dear



IN CAME LOT-TIE VAN ZEE.

tle girl or boy. So I knowed *you'd* be sor-ry when you 'mem-bered me, and I hurried and come, and I brought some flow-ers and a pres-ent for you. It's my white pig-lit-tle thing," she said, "I would-n't take your pret-ty pig-eon for the world; and I'm so glad you came, and I'll tru-ly nev-er, nev-er 'for-get' a-gain."



DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—HER CARE-LESS-NESS.

I won-der where your gloves are,
Your hat with the red wing—
I've tried to look your ward-robe up,
But can't find an-y-thing.

I think you will re-mem-ber
That love-ly day we played
Take tea with a-corn plates and cups
And sau-cers in the shade!

It rained that night so dread-ful,
And rained the next day, too;
I think you must have left your things
Up-on the grass, don't you?

BABYLAND

Edited by the Editors of WIDE AWAKE.

November, 1884.

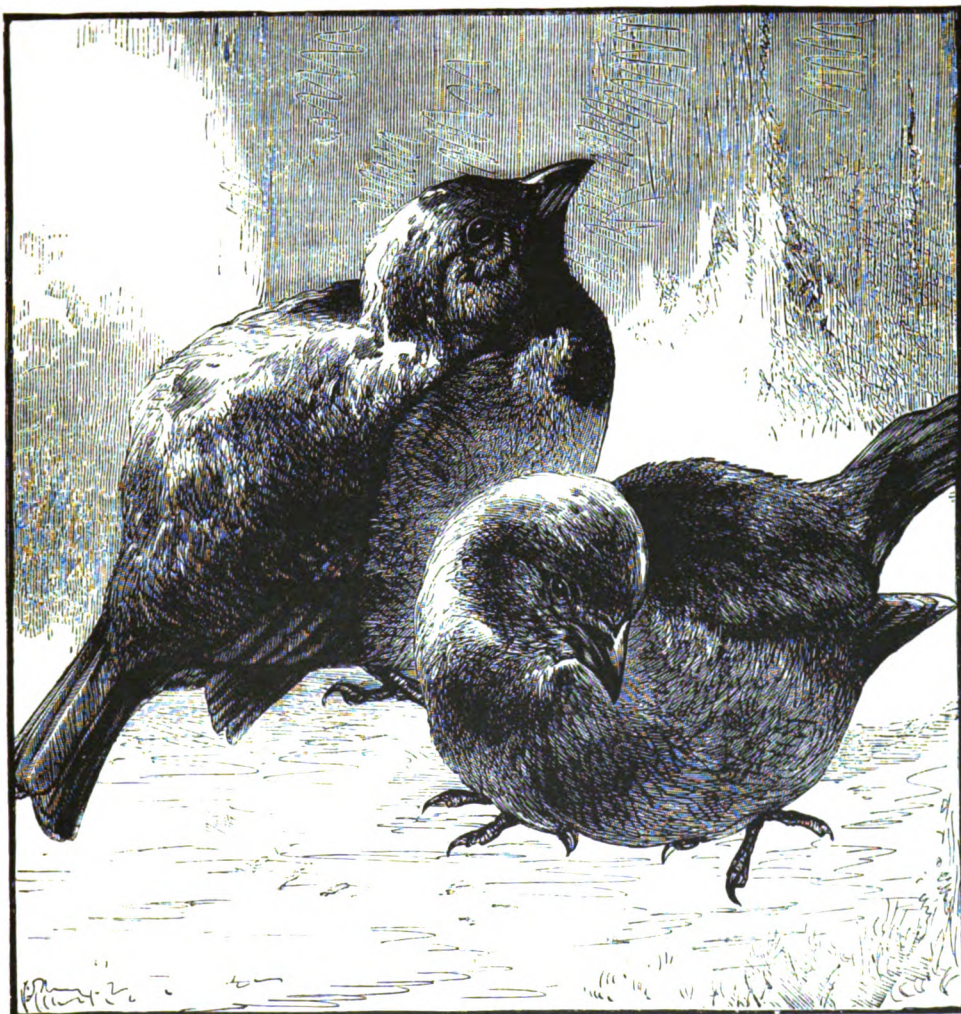
Vol. VIII. No. 11.

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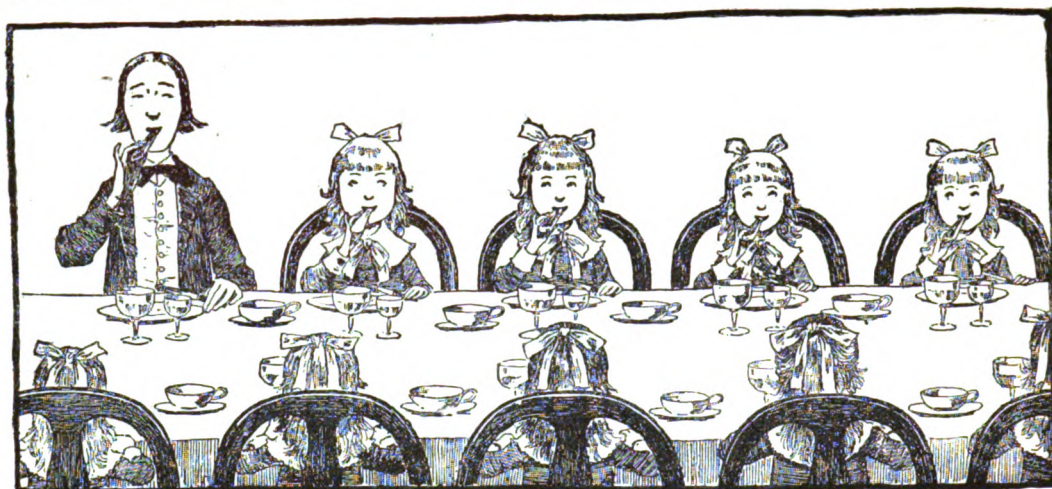
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THE DOOR-YARD BIRDS.



THANKS-GIV-ING DAY. — "WE'VE ALL GOT A WISH-BONE!"

THE DOOR-YARD BIRDS.



THE LIT-TLE GIRL AND BOY BRING OUT THE PLATE.

One No-vem-ber morn-ing, two door-yard birds woke cold. They had a warm bed-room in the wood-pile, but this morn-ing they felt chilled to the bone. They went to the door; as far as they could see, a cold white sub-stance over-spread the land.

"It must be what I heard the swal-lows speak of," said the larg-er bird. "They call it snow, and it is what they go South to a-void."

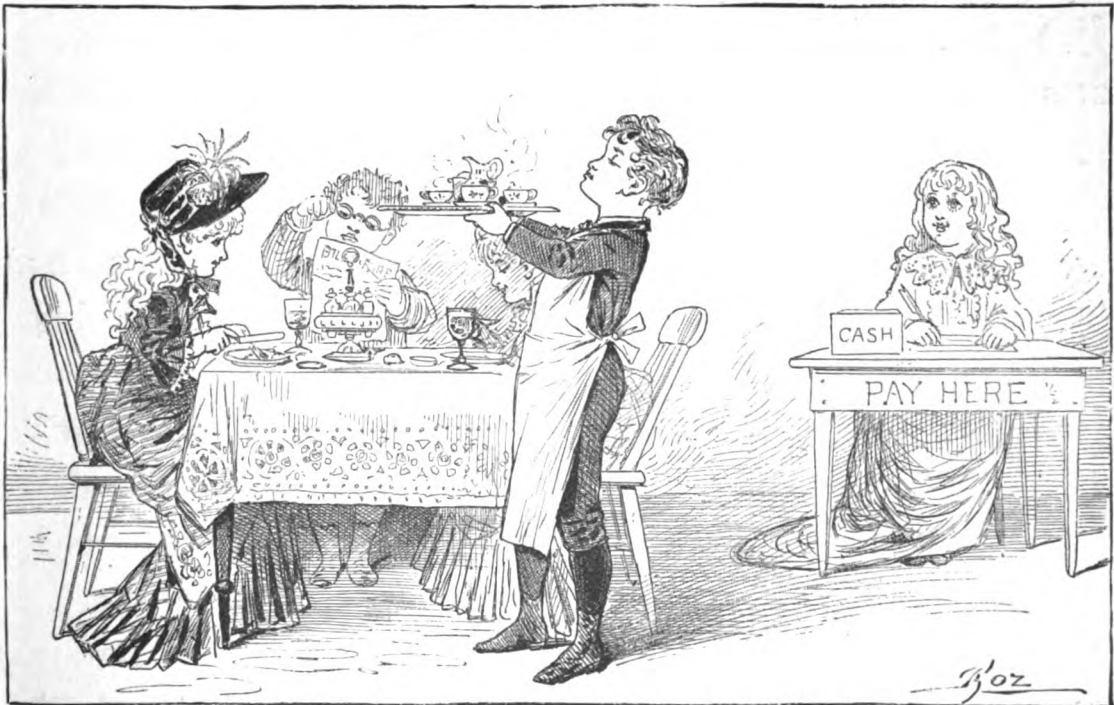
"I should think so," said the small-er bird. "All the seeds, bugs, grains and crumbs, must be covered deep. Of course we shall starve."

"O, no, dear," said her mate, "you forget the lit-tle boy and girl."

At this very mo-ment, the lit-tle boy and girl, with a plate of crumbs, ap-peared at

the win-dow. "I don't see one," said the lit-tle girl. But the next mo-ment they saw two, hop-ping a-long from the wood-pile.

The same mo-ment the birds saw them, and the glad-ness in those lit-tle birds' hearts was like a prayer of thanks-giv-ing to God, the Fa-ther of ev-er-y-thing that has life.



RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. XI. — AT THE RES-TAU-RANT.

A HARD DAY'S WORK.

Once there was a ba-by girl so ver-y, ver-y pret-ty that the fair-ies heard of it and came to look at her, and they found her so love-ly that two of the fair-ies said they should like to take charge of her; so they took charge of her, to try it for one day, and they had their hands full, for this ba-by girl was a ba-by rogue.

But the fair-ies were so charmed by her beau-ty that



BA-BY'S FA-VOR-ITE PLAY

they were pa-tient, though she kept them trot-ting and fly-ing from morn-ing till night.

This rogue ba-by liked to pull the ta-ble-cloth off, and hear things go smash, and the



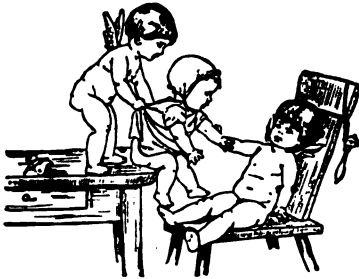
BA-BY LIKES AN-I-MALS.

fair-ies had to look out for light-ed can-dles, bowls of wa-ter, and such things.

This rogue ba-by was fond of an-i-mals, and not a-fraid of any ; she would just as soon creep up to a cross dog as to a gen-tle one, and some-times it was all the fair-ies could do to hold the dog back from bit-ing.

Then, too, this hap-py-go-luck-y ba-by liked to climb up

by chairs, and even to the top of the table, and the fair-ies had to hold to her clothes to keep her from falling off.



BA-BY IS A GREAT CLIMB-ER.

And, at dinner, this lively ba-by would not wait for her food to cool, so they had to take turns blowing her porridge, or she would surely have burned her ro-sy mouth.



BA-BY IS HUN-GRY.

But it was the hard-est at night, for she would *not* go to sleep, and they had to call in a third

fair-y to fan her, while one read dream-land sto-ries, and the oth-er rocked. By the time she was a-sleep, ev-ery bone in their lit-tle bod-ies ached, their wings were quite wilt-ed, and they con-clu-ded to leave her to her moth-er.

So they all went back to fair-y-land, and left her



BA-BY GOES TO SLEEP.

to her moth-er. But she has got a-long just as well, for one moth-er is bet-ter than ma-n-y fair-ies, and does not get dis-cour-aged.

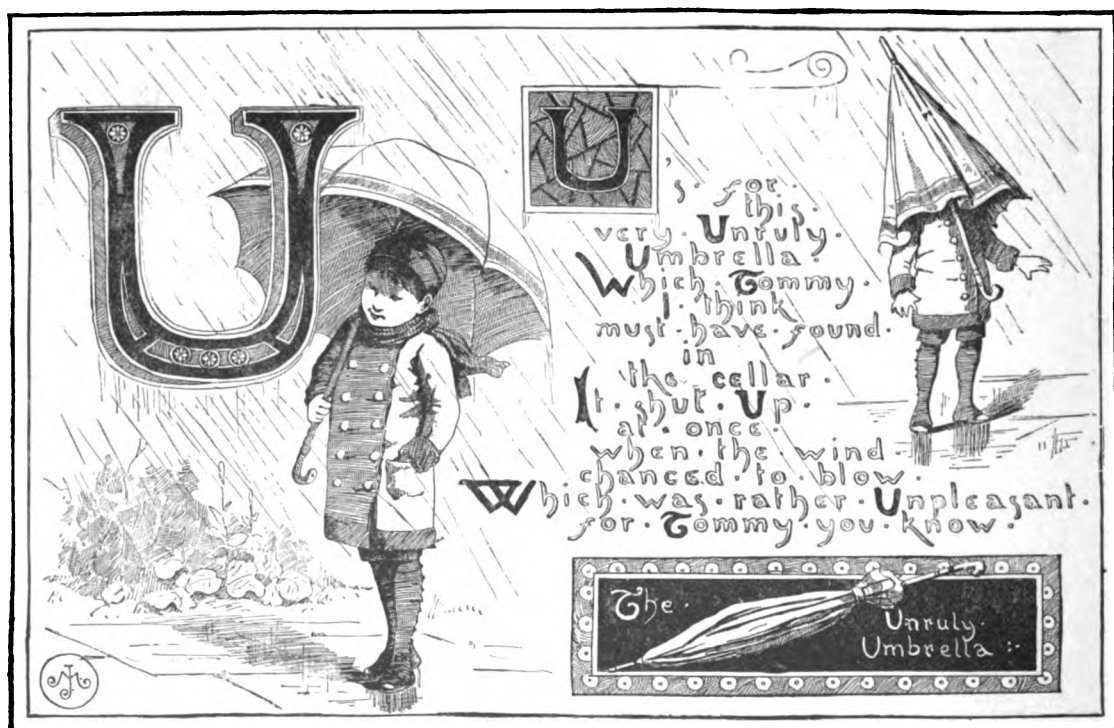


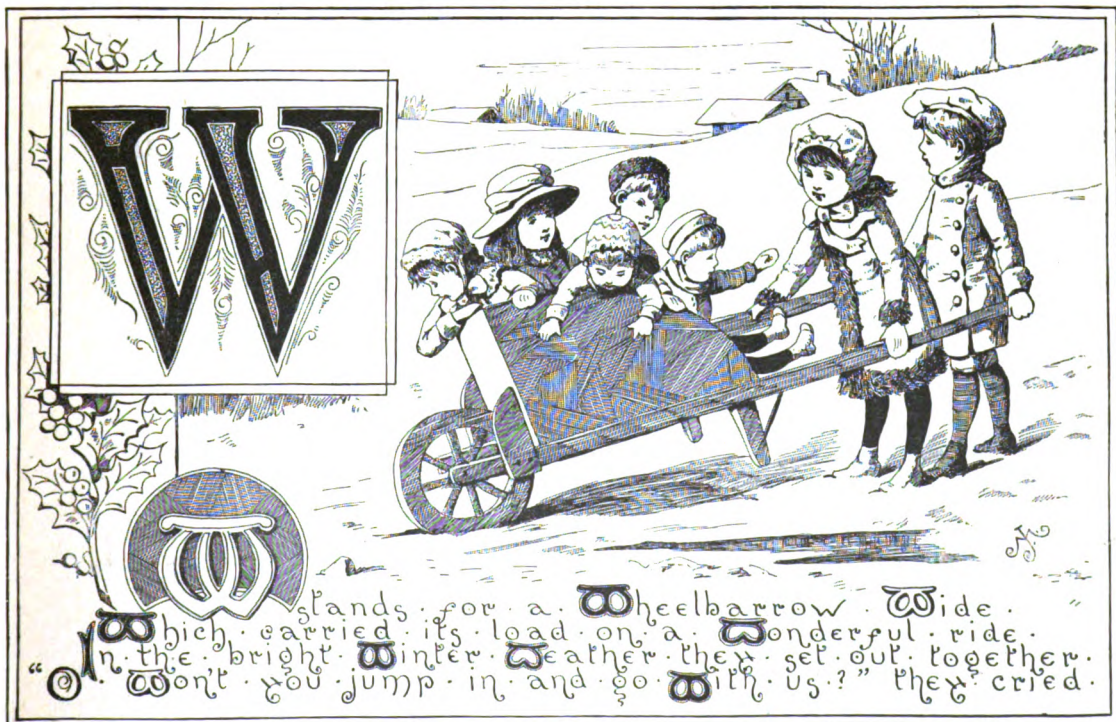
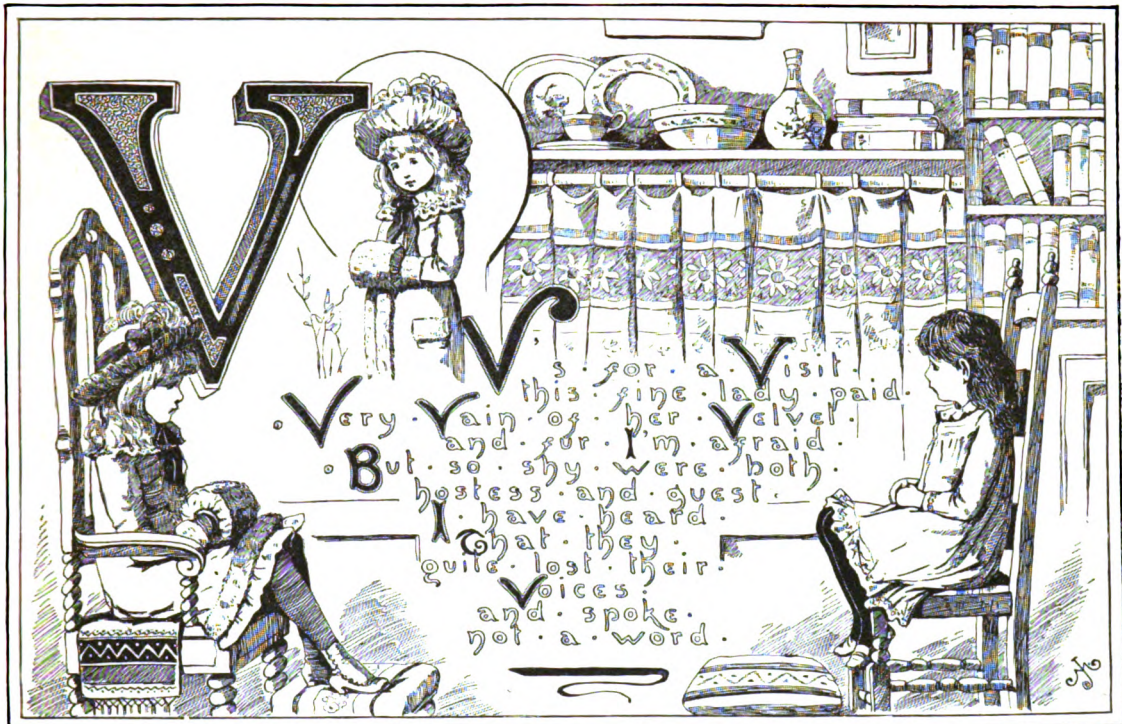
A TUG OF PEACE.



One day a self-ish bee-tle heard a noise on his roof, and up he went. He found two dogs there a-sleep. He

woke them, and told them they must not lie on his house. The dogs laughed, and turned o-ver and went to sleep a-gain. But the self-ish bee-tle kept wak-ing them up by crawl-ing a-cross their nos-es, and at last they left the stone; but, first, one of them stepped on the bee-tle and left him lame for the rest of his life.







DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—PLAY-ING SCHOOL.

The nic-est play for a rain-y day
Is school, with dol-lies for schol-ars,
To brush their hair and have them wear
Clean frocks and rib-bons and col-lars.

And to set them so in an e-ven row,
And tell them to stud-y nice-ly,
That their re-cess of an hour or less
Will be at twelve pre-cise-ly.

Some-times you'll find that dolls won't mind,
That Ro-sy is naugh-ty, ver-y,
And that Mar-guer-ite will leave her seat
When it is-n't nec-es-sa-ry.

BABYLAND

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MAM-MA AND BA-BY AND HAR-RY.

HOW CHRIST-MAS WAS MER-RY.

The day be-fore Christ-mas, when all chil-dren ought to be ver-y hap-py, lit-tle Har-ry and his ba-by broth-er were hun-gry and un-hap-py. There had been a long storm, and mam-ma had cooked all the flour, all the po-ta-toes, and all the meat.

Har-ry was too small to stay with ba-by, so mam-ma had to take them both when she went to the vil-lage to buy food. It was a mile, and the wind was cold, and the road snow-y and rough, and ba-by was so heav-y. How Har-ry and mam-ma wished pa-pa could stay at home and take care of them! But pa-pa was a sol-dier and be-longed to the king.

It was dark when they came in sight of home. "Mam-ma," said Har-ry, "some-

body is in our house; I see a light."

There sure-ly was a light. That was strange, for there was no one who had a right to go in when they were gone. Mam-ma hur-ried on with the chil-dren, but at the gate she was more and more a-fraid, and she stopped. The light was very bright, and there was a big smoke from the chim-ney. She said a lit-tle pray-er to God, and then she went up the path to the door. A pleas-ant thought had come in-to her heart al-read-y: No per-son who meant to hurt them would light a light and build a fire.

"We are home now, dears," she said soft-ly to Har-ry and the ba-by, "and soon the food will be here. There are can-dy hors-es in the bun-dle. We

shall have a mer-ry Christ-mas."

She kissed them both, and then pushed o-pen the door—and be-hold! the mer-ry Christ-mas had be-gun — O, the mer-

ri-est of all mer-ry Christ-mas-es, for there stood pa-pa by the fire! The war was o-ver, and pa-pa had come home to stay.

BA-BY'S FEES.

What are you do-ing, ba-by,
you dear,

To pay for the care you've
brought with you here?

What are you giv-ing, you
droll lit-tle king,

For the ser-vice and love your
fond sub-jects bring?

For I know that you know,
you sly lit-tle mouse,

You gov-ern the peo-ple that
live in this house!

Ah, kiss-es, sweet kiss-es, the sweet-est e'er known,
These, lit-tle mon-arch, you must give from your throne;
Yes, kiss-es, sweet kiss-es, for-ty a min-ute,
Each dew-y and fresh with hon-ey-drops in it,
These, ti-ny ty-rant, we will take as our fees,
And col-lect them too, sir, when-ev-er we please.



THE DROLL LIT-TLE KING.



HERE'S LIT-TLE BO-PEEP
COME HOME WITH THE SHEEP!

THE GREED-Y LIT-TLE MOUSE.

Said one lit-tle mouse to an-oth-er lit-tle mouse,
"Just trip a-cross the hall to my lit-tle house;
The maid has left some bread on the shelf,
And I'm sure there is more than I want my-self.
So you walk right in
And we will be-gin."

Said one lit-tle mouse to the oth-er lit-tle mouse,
"I'll trip a-cross the hall to your lit-tle house;

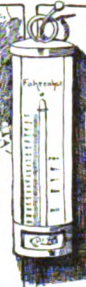
But I'll tell you what, when I get through
There'll be no bread on the shelf for you.
So you may just dance
And give me a chance."

Said one lit-tle mouse to an-oth-er lit-tle mouse,
"You can just stay a-way from my lit-tle house;
Since you are so greed-y, I'll in-vite in-stead
Some oth-er lit-tle mouse to share my bread.
Get out of my house,
You greed-y lit-tle mouse!"



RAIN-Y-DAY PLAYS. XII. — AT THE BLACK-SMITH'S.





Z's for the **Zephyrs**
that blew soft and cool.
When this wise little maiden
first set off for school.

And **Z**'s for her **Zeal**
when with heart of a hero
She went with the Mercury
way down to **Zero**!



ABCDEFG
HIJKLMNOP
QRSTUVWX
YZ
O T R A P O N O
This sign is for **And**
"And-what?" do you say?
We have learned all our letters
What more is there pray?
Come **A**lice & tell every wise little
one
What knowledge still waits you all
under the sun
The books to be read & the
lessons to learn
The new bits of wisdom
each one in its turn
Then throw them a kiss from your
fingers & cry
"We will still learn together
dear children Good-bye!"





DOLL RO-SY'S DAYS.—THE BATH.

'Tis time Doll Ro-sy had a bath,
And she'll be good, I hope;
She likes the water well e-nough,
But does-n't like the soap.

Now soft I'll rub her with a sponge,
Her eyes and nose and ears,
And splash her fin-gers in the bowl
And never mind the tears.

There now—oh, my! what have I done?
I've washed the skin off—see!
Her pret-ty pink and white are gone
En-tire-ly! oh, dear me!

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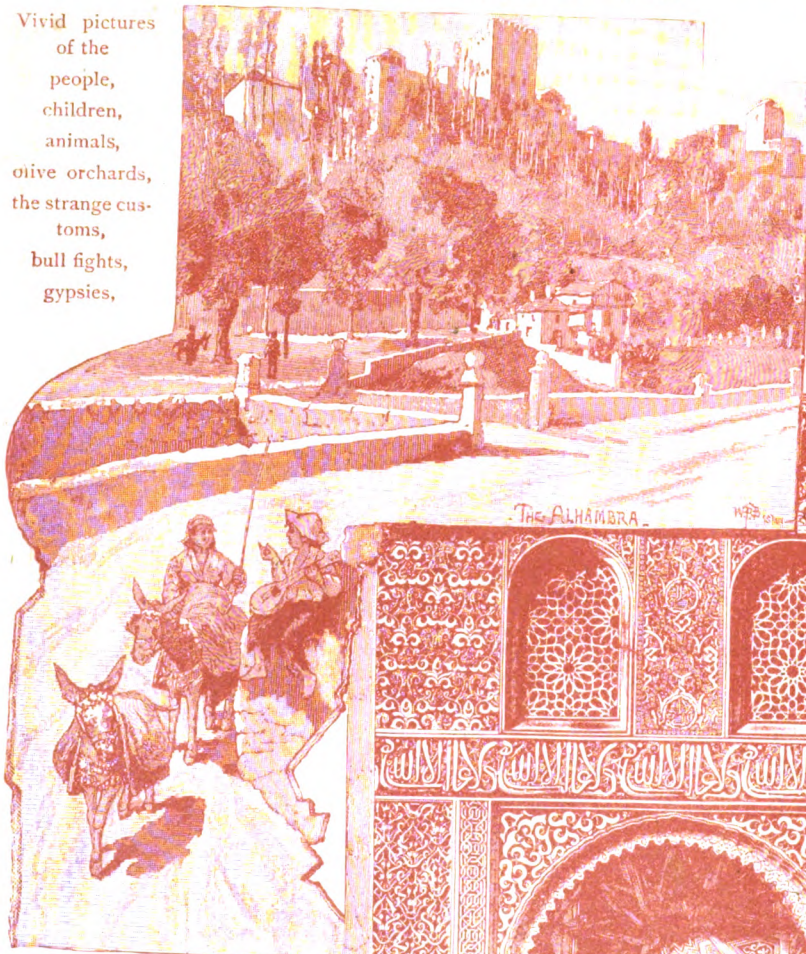
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